# PAGE MISSING

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## A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BY MARY H. SANDS.

Bland as the morning breath of June,
The southwest breezes play;
And through its haze the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day;
The snow-plumed angel of the north
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his work,
The blue bird in the meadow's brake
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up," O Mother Nature cry,
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free!
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear,
O'er swept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear;
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how, beneath the Winter's snow,
Lie gems of summer flowers.

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall,
For God who loveth all his works,
Has left his hopes with all.

## A LESSON FOR MARRIED FLIRTS.

BY SUSIE S. MORTON.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE BEGINNING.

I had been thinking of Fred all morning as I reclined in my easy chair, lazily smoking a cigar, and wondering why he had not been in to see me, after his return from his two days' trip; when, all at once, the door of my sanctum was thrown open excitedly, and with features pale and agitated, hat off, and hands buried in his auburn curls, as if he would tear them out, roots and all, my friend Frederic stood before me.

Quite unprepared for any such melo-dramatic demonstration on his part, I did nothing for the next half minute but stare blankly at him; then my scattered wits all concentrating in astonishment and curiosity, I demanded in tones of alarm: "Why, Fred, dear fellow, what's the matter? What is the matter?"

"Matter enough, Glenarm! "I'm undone!" gasped the unhappy man.

"Why, how's that? Do explain yourself! Undone? Nonsense, man, you're jesting, are you not?"

"I wish I was, or that I had never lived to see this day! Glenarm, I'm a persecuted man—the victim of an infamous conspiracy; and, if there's no way to discover the perpetrators and gain redress, then I'm completely done for,—ruined!"

"What in the world does all this mean? Am I to understand that you are suspected of theft, forgery, burglary, or murder,—or, what is the trouble? Come, Fred, give me an intelligent account of yourself?" and I arose and placed a chair for him near my own. "There, now, be a man; and, first and foremost, Fred, explain to me the nature of the conspiracy."

"I will, and Glenarm, I may rely upon you to help me, if it is within your power, may I not?" exclaimed the poor fellow, wringing my hand with a fervor that almost brought tears of pain to my eyes.

"Yes, Fred, I pledge you my best assistance. Now, go on."

"In the first place then," began Fred, "some idiots have undertaken to play off a practical joke on me; and they have taken the meanest way in the world to do it. They have plunged me into the depths of despair, but they have parted me from my wife—yes, they have parted us forever!" and he dropped his head, and, covering his face with his hands, sobbed aloud.

"Good gracious, Fred, is that so?" and I began to think more seriously of the affair, though my bewilderment increased.

"As true as gospel, Glenarm! I protested, I entreated, I swore my innocence, my entire ignorance of the affair, but she wouldn't listen to my protestations. She scorned my entreaties; she said I had deceived her, and broken her heart, and she took the early train this morning, and has gone to her father's family convinced that I am as great a scoundrel, as deep-dyed a villain, as ever walked the earth. When her brother hears her story, he will be furious, and will never rest till he has avenged her fancied wrongs. He will shoot me, as sure as fate, if he has a chance, and I have no way to defend myself. Good heavens! what *shall* I do?"

He started up and clasped his hands, with a wild, despairing gesture.

"Fred," I remonstrated, growing impatient, "you are as far as ever from explaining yourself. You have not given me anything definite, as yet, to work on."

Controlling himself with an effort, Fred resumed his chair, and went on in a more coherent manner.

"I suppose," he said, "the perpetrator of the conspiracy wrote letters in my name, addressed to three different young ladies, who knew me, but did not know that I was married; each letter containing a proposal of marriage, and yesterday morning before I returned home, the post brought the answers, which, according to her usual custom, at my request, my wife opened and read. Here's one of the confounded things! You may read it."

He had dived excitedly into his inner coat-pocket, and brought to light several crumpled papers, one of which he placed in my hand. Smoothing it out, I beheld the great scrawling characters, which I contrived to decipher as follows:

> MY FREDERIC:—Ten minutes since I received your letter containing a proposal of marriage; and now I hasten gladly to answer it, for my heart responds to your call, Frederic, and I am yours, now and forever! My admiration and esteem for you have been steadily growing ever since they were first inspired by your earnest attention to business and your respectful manners towards those further advanced in years than yourself, and,—can I say it without egotism—myself, especially.
>
> I write at once that you may receive it soon, and not have to wait for the seal of thy joy. Darling Frederic, I am thy
>
> PRIMROSE.

As I read this letter, not even the sight of Fred's misery could enable me to repress my laughter; but, instead of resenting this, Fred only said, while a ghost of a smile appeared in his eyes:

"Ay, you may well laugh, Charlie, for it's the greatest pack of stuff that was ever thrown together! But I—! well, here is No. 2, not so difficult a case, quite, but still awkward. You will see that No. 2 declines my suit."

"The dickens she does!" I ejaculated. "Well, then, there's one sensible woman in the world, isn't there, old fellow?" and I immediately became absorbed in the contents of the second letter. But, why transcribe? After bewailing the sad fact that he had spoken a little late,—that her hand was already pledged, though her heart must ever remain in Fred's possession, she ended with this pathetic appeal:

> Try to forget me; blot out all memory of my existence. If you can; find someone more worthy of your love than I could ever be; and I—oh, Frederic, Frederic! while striving to do my duty—my stern, *bitter* duty, I never can forget that I love you, and you only. Forever,
>
> ERNESTINE.

Fearfully genuine the whole affair began to look, as I read this letter over, and pondered it; but, before I could offer any comments, Fred had placed in my hand a third letter, remarking as he did so, "This one caps the climax of horrors!"

Eager, of course, for the climax, I hastily read the following, written in a delicate, nervous hand, with frequent exclamation-points, and extravagant style of expressions peculiar to people of passionate, excitable temperaments:

> MY DEAREST!—You *know* I love you! *Don't* you know it, Fred?
>
> You tell me that you have never loved before. Fred, do you mean it,—that I am truly your *only darling*?
>
> I have read your beautiful letter over, so many times. I can scarcely believe that you mean it all. Fred, if I believed that you *could* deceive me, even a little, I would put an end to the life which this assurance would render unendurable. I mean this *every word*; you know it, Fred! I can not change my passionate nature; and, Fred, if you deceive me, I shall be *surely* and *fearfully* avenged. You may go from earth's end to earth's end but still, *I will be with you!* Remember that.
>
> Oh, Fred, your coldness all these weeks, has almost killed me! Was it really because you thought I loved that idiot, Charlie? Why, Fred, I *hate* him! Do not arouse in me that feeling towards yourself, Fred, by any further coldness or neglect, I am a tigress, when I hate; but my love is tenderer than my fury is strong.
>
> Fred, come soon to me, else I shall be a chattering idiot, instead of your "beautiful darling."
>
> ELOISE.

Notwithstanding a certain thing of my own, in regard to these letters, which had suddenly occurred to me, and which for private reasons, I held in reserve, I felt a singular sensation thrill my nerves, as I read this letter. The passionate force,—the relentless, reckless, uncontrolled feeling that ever line displayed, rather staggered me; and the awful mysteriousness of her threats, the fearfully significant way in which she intimated that if, after all, he was only trifling and deceiving her, she would herself avenge the wrong, made me feel a little nervous and uncomfortable for a moment. I did not wonder that Fred,—the wretched, *married* man to whom those words had been addressed, should sit there, pale, agitated, distressed,—the very picture of desperation.

He had put the case into my hands. He trusted to me to help him out of the difficulty. Could I do it?

I deliberated, with those three letters spread out before me, I knit my brow in judicial thought. Fred watched me breathlessly as if upon the result of my deliberation hung all the issues of life and death.

At last I raised my eyes to him, and studied his countenance, keenly—

"Fred," I then said, slowly, "has it occurred to you to doubt the genuineness of these letters?"

"Doubt it?" he repeated, eyes wide open in amazement, "Doubt it? No!—and I do not, now. They are all genuine,—all in good faith, depend upon it."

(" Num! Just like Fred Percival,—too self-conscious and conceited for anything!" was my mental commentary.")

"Then, you really think, do you, Fred," I went on, aloud, "That there *are* three young ladies in this city, so desperately in love with you?"

"Why, you see Glenarm," and he flushed a little, "the fact is, I see scores of young ladies, every day,—you know how they all flock to Trafford and Company's:—some stunning pretty ones, too, and, somehow, they all single me out, and it is hard work not to pay some attention to a pretty girl, when she *does* ever lastingly go for a fellow, and I—well,—hang it, Glenarm the truth of the matter is,"—and here, Fred, after another frantic grasp of his pretty auburn curls, plunged into a down-right confession of sins which I had more than half-suspected, "the truth of the matter is, I have flirted like the mischief with some of them, and, somehow, the habit did not wear off, after I was married,—though I swear, Glenarm, that I never dreamed of being disloyal to my Fanny, or of ever caring for anyone except her. Now, I dare say that some jealous idiot, who saw how I was going on, and knew that the girls didn't know of my marriage, hit upon this diabolical plan for a practical joke. I'd take my oath it was one of the fellows at the store; and, if I ever find him out,—by the powers?"—and Fred's flashing eyes and warning tones told that if he ever did get the offender in his hands, he could do dreadful things.

"Well, Fred," I said, assuming a very mysterious air, "don't do anything rash,—don't, I pray, go to charging this upon anyone, else you will get yourself into even more serious trouble. Let me retain these letters, and leave all to me! A light breaks in upon me,—a slight clew suggests itself to me! Perhaps before twenty-four hours have gone by,—before your wife has had time to reach her father's home, and despatch her big brother hither to shoot you, I shall have unraveled the whole mystery. I earnestly hope," I added, again glancing over the effusion of Eloise, "that *I* am not the 'idiot Charlie,' referred to, here! Do you suppose I am, Fred?"

"Oh, no, no! She means Charlie Kerr, at the store,—egregious block-head that he is! But, are you *sure*, Glenarm, that you see a way of clearing up the dreadful affair? What is it? What is your clew? How will you go to work? I entreat,—I implore you, Charlie, to tell me! Do not keep me in suspense! It may seem like a light matter to you,—*to me* it is life, happiness,—everything!"

"I know it, Fred, I know it! Compose yourself, for you will gain nothing by going frantic over the affair. It is time you were at the store. Trafford & Co. will wonder what has become of you. Try to do your duty to-day, old fellow, and I will give myself up to the business. I promise to strain every nerve to clear up this mystery, on the solution of which your whole happiness depends."

With a gigantic effort to control himself and a fearful grasp of my hand, Percival hastened off; and as soon as he was fairly out of hearing, I indulged in a hearty laugh.

"Well, well!" I exclaimed, over and over again, in the depth of my heart, "if that isn't a good one! Fred's in a terrible situation undoubtedly, and I can't for the life of me help thinking that he half deserves it. I do so despise a married flirt!—still, I'm sorry for the poor fellow, and must do my best to extricate him!"

Then I settled down to business. How should I proceed in this delicate matter?

I did not, for one instant, share Fred's belief that the letters were written in serious earnest. Instead of some diabolical "fellow at the store" getting up this conspiracy to ruin his formidable rival, I saw in it the heartless scheme of three silly girls—with whom, doubtless, Percival had been carrying on a flirtation—who had made him the victim of a practical joke, little dreaming of the fatal consequences which would ensue. The more I pondered the matter, the more thoroughly convinced I became that this was the correct theory. With this point settled, I had in my hands the first link in the chain of evidence.

Next question:—how should I ascertain who these fair, heartless schemers were?

Difficult question! As Fred truly said, he saw hundreds of young ladies in the store every day, any one—or rather, any *three*—of whom his fair correspondents might be. To endeavor to trace the letters to the proper source then, would be like the proverbial search for a needle in that most improbable and unpromising locality, which we need not further specify. Still, I was not discouraged nor daunted in the least. Determined as I was to clear up this affair for Fred, I did not doubt that I should in the end, succeed.

With the letter of Eloise in my hand, I sat for an hour in deep, perplexing meditation. As I pondered it, the handwriting, though evidently an effort had been made to disguise it, seemed to grow strangely familiar. I started, as, by degrees, it all became clear to me.

Springing to my feet, I produced a key, unlocked my private desk, and took out an old autograph album. Turning the leaves, I attentively studied the chirography on every page.

In five minutes' time it was done. I had watched the handwriting in every case. I had discovered beyond a doubt who "Primrose" and "Ernestine" and "Eloise" were! I was electrified—delighted; but, Gentlemen of the Jury, I was more than that—I was triumphant!

I hastily wrote and despatched the following note to Fred:

> DEAR OLD FELLOW.—I have just discovered the authors of the conspiracy. Am obliged to leave town for a few hours in order to follow the case up. Everything will turn out right, depend upon it. Keep lively, and be at my office again at four P. M.
>
> GLENARM.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE END.

What a blessing our modern system of railroading is! An hour later I was sitting in the pretty library at Rosemount—my uncle Raleigh's country residence, ten miles out of town—my three pretty cousins, Lula, Bess and Amy, forming around me an admiring circle. I had taken them quite by surprise by this visit, and they fluttered around me in a delightful way, saucy, respectful, and affectionate by turns, as is their usual custom with their cousin Charlie.

As to me, I was charming! Brillant, nonsensical, entertaining, I rattled away at a fearful rate, telling them all the little items of city gossip I could think of. They were in the city, driving, calling and shopping almost every day, and, consequently, knew pretty much all that was going on there; so, of course, they appreciated my gossip immensely.

"And oh, girls, by the way," I went on, in a wonderfully animating way, "I must tell you about the elegant joke some one has got off on Fred Percival—you've noticed him at Trafford & Co.'s, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, we know," was the laughing response, while a glance of intelligence passed like lightning from one to another of the trio.

Affecting not to notice this, I went on:

"Of course, you have; he is generally pretty numerous, I believe, and makes it a point to see and be seen by every pretty girl who goes there. Well, a day or two ago he got three letters, from as many different young ladies, purporting to be answers to his proposals of marriage,—two of them containing a rapturous acceptance; and now he's in an elegant fix, and half angry over it all, for he *swears* he never wrote to one of them in his life."

This time a suppressed giggle went round the circle; and my fair auditors, apparently suffocated with thier suppressed merriment, seemed singularly excited over my narrative. Still affecting to see nothing, I proceeded, in a confidental tone:—

"Of course, girls, I ought not to have mentioned this, because I am in poor Fred's confidence, and he would feel awfully cut up if he thought the joke would get out. But I thought I *must* tell you, for I knew you would enjoy the lark."

This was my master-stroke, and I assure you, dear reader, it had a telling effect!

"Let's confess, girls,—let's tell cousin Charlie all about it," exclaimed Lulu, in an *aside*, to which the others too laughingly assented.

"What's that?" I demanded, getting up an expression of countenance intended to represent a newly awakened suspicion.

"Why you see, Charlie," began Lulu, as spokesman, "we've flirted awfully with Fred. Percival, and it was just no end of fun, for he's the most elegant flirt you ever saw; and you know we were just dying for some fun and excitement, so Bess proposed that we should each write a letter to Mr. Percival,—a *regular*, you know,—and sign some fictitious name. So we put our heads together and agreed to write just as if *he* had written to each of us, making an offer of marriage, and we would each accept—all but Amy—she said that, just for variety, she would do the broken-hearted style, and say "No." Bess took the *role* of an old maid, while *I* was a very gushing, passionate style of damsel, ready to lay down my life for him, you know, if he was true to me, or to shoot him if he was not! Well, we got them all written, just for the fun of it, and hadn't an idea, at first, of carrying it any further; but it seemed like such a rich joke on him, that we couldn't resist the temptation to send them. We mailed them in the city, two days ago, and have not dared to go near Trafford and Company's since, for fear he suspects us, or has found us out. Oh, you ought to have seen those letters, Charlie! You would have killed yourself over them, I am sure!"

"Well, Miss Lulu, I *have* seen those identical letters—in fact have them in my possession at this very moment—and, as you will perceive, I still survive," I remarked cooly at this point.

"*You*, Charlie? How did you get them?" cried the young ladies, making a rush at me.

"Honorably enough—Fred gave them to me," I answered, waving my cousins off, and looking up at them with the air of a man who has at last got everything into his own hands. "Now, girls, listen. Fred is no trifler, in such a case as this, though he *may* be 'an elegant flirt;' he is determined to have legal redress, and he has put the whole affair into my hands. I, as a lawyer, am bound to do everything I can for my client; and, putting aside all merely personal feeling, I shall make it my business to undo, as far as possible, all the mischief that you silly girls have done."

I saw that my audience were getting frightened. There were unmistakable indications of that. Still, they were not yet as thoroughly alarmed as I wished to see them: so I resumed, mercilessly:

"Though you are probably not aware of the fact, my friend Percival was not at all a proper subject for such a practical joke."

"Why?" breathlessly.

"Because he is a married man!"

During the rhetorical pause which followed this astounding reply, I distinctly heard my own watch faintly tick-ticking—the only sound in the room. Surprise, dismay, consternation, held my cousins spell-bound. I followed up my advantage.

"These letters, arriving in his absence, were opened by Mrs. Percival. Imagine, if you can, her sensations on reading such letters, addressed to her husband! Imagine, also, the fearfully false position in which Fred was placed, in her eyes. Young Mrs.

Percival is a lady of spirit and determination; also, quick tempered. She would listen to none of poor Fred's protestations of innocence—she would not believe him when he swore that he had no complicity in the matter—knew nothing about it. After a high-tragic scene, she left him, declaring that she never wanted to see him again; and she is now off, *en route* to her father's, firmly believing that her husband is a gay deceiver, and breaking her poor little heart over it, no doubt, notwithstanding her anger. Poor Fred is almost distracted; for, although he knows he is innocent, he sees no way of proving his innocence to the satisfaction of Madame. Thus you see the terrible wrong that you have done him—the trouble into which your silly, practical joke has plunged him."

My fair auditors stood in petrified silence, pale, agitated, very much alarmed at these unexpected revelations. My sudden change, from the gay, confidential manner by which I had entrapped them into a confession, to my present stern, judicial bearing, fell upon them like a thunder-clap.

Lulu was first to recover herself.

"Well!" she exclaimed indignantly, "I don't care two straws! If Fred Percival *is* a married man, he oughtn't to be, for he don't act one bit like it! He flirts *abominably*, and he deserves every bit of the trouble—so there! and I hope his wife will never look at him again, and—and"

"But, she will," Miss Lulu," I returned, with a sardonic smile. "She will become reconciled to him, return home, and life will glide on as peacefully as before. *I* shall see to that."

"How, pray?" inquired my cousins.

"I will demonstrate. Have you writing materials convenient?" and I glanced around me. Lulu's writing-desk was near at hand. She motioned mechanically to it.

"Very good!" and I brought the desk, and placed it before her.

"Well?" she inquired, trying to conceal her trepidation by an assumption of *hauteur* which amused me mightily, though my long countenance never relaxed.

"You will please produce paper, pen and ink, and write, in as brief and straightforward a manner as possible, a confession that this affair was all a hoax, completely exonerating Mr. Percival from all share or complicity in the matter."

Lulu's dark eyes flashed.

"Indeed, cousin Charles, I will do nothing of the sort!" she began, indigantly; whereupon I instantly arose and bowed.

"Very good!" I said "If you are determined not to comply with this request, I will not urge it. I must return to the city without delay. This is a matter of business, and must be dealt with in a business-like manner. Hold yourselves in readiness, young ladies, for whatever may occur; remember, you are at any moment, liable to arrest, on a charge of conspiracy! Good afternoon."

So thunder-struck were the young ladies, at these words, that I had actually taken several steps towards the door, before one of them could find voice to speak. Then Lulu gave one frantic cry, "Stop! Wait!"

I stopped. I waited. Whirling around, I saw Lulu taking out her writing-materials with extraordinary expedition, while Bess and Amy, hovering near, were urging her, in awe-stricken whispers, to hasten. The sight almost convulsed me; but, after standing for about three minutes in the recess of a distant bay-window, shielded by the heavy flowing drapery, apparently studying the landscape, I was able to command myself sufficiently to rejoin them with a countenance as grave and stern as ever.

After writing out the confession, Lulu handed it to me. I glanced over it, mused, then nodded my head, approvingly.

"All right," I said, placing it on the desk again. "Now, I must request you all to endorse it with your signatures. Write simply 'Primrose,' 'Ernestine,' and 'Eloise.'" Then, as I turned away again, and commenced to slowly pace the floor, I murmured, as if to myself, though I was careful that they should over-hear me:

"Thank goodness!—this will save a legal prosecution!"

The confession was ready at last, duly signed; then, taking up Lulu's pen, I wrote, underneath the signatures, in my bold, business-like hand, these impressive sentences:

> This is to certify that, on this day, the 21st., of October, A. D. 187—, personally appeared before me, Charles Glenarm, Attorney at Law, and Prosecuting Attorney for District No. 5, Commonwealth of——, Primrose, Ernestine and Eloise, who, I am satisfied, are the perpetrators of the hoax herein confessed to. And I, fully persuaded of the truth of this confession, and the identity of the said Primrose, Ernestine and Eloise, being fully established, whereof I have on file, absolute documentary proof, do declare myself confident of the entire innocence of Mr. Frederick Percival, and recommend most heartily a complete restoration of the confidence which, through this most cruel and unlawful hoax, he has lost.
>
> In witness hereof I do hereby append my name and official seal.
>
> (Signed,) CHARLES GLENARM.
> Attorney at Law. M. C. C., etc., etc., etc.

"There!" I exclaimed, when, after sealing this with a grand flourish, I folded the important Document, and put it carefully into my pocket. "That will adjust the difficulty. When Mrs. Percival is once fully convinced of Fred's innocence, she will graciously forgive him for unjust suspicious, come, like a dear, sensible little woman, and resolve to trust in him, in future, come what may. But now, I must be off." I added, starting up, "or I shall miss that 2:30 train to the city. Time is precious, while Fred is still in suspense."

"Oh, Charlie!" and, as my name was uttered, I found myself the center of an affecting tableau,—my three cousins clinging to me with all the energy of despair. "Promise that you will never tell anyone that *we* did it! *Won't* you promise, Charlie? *Will* you promise?"

"Young ladies!" and I straightened up, in all my dignity, and looked down upon them from my impressive height, "I have a reputation to sustain! Do you think that I would willingly avow that I have three cousins who could condescend to such an act,—such a heartless, senseless practical joke? Never! While my family pride remains, not even my friend Percival, shall know who his fair correspondents were, my word is pledged! Now let me go, or I shall miss that train!"

And I tore myself away.

Well, as true as anything, I had the affair all explained, to Mrs. Percival's satisfaction. The best of it was, she was detained on the route, by an accident, so that Fred and I, who started off immediately, to follow her, overtook her before she reached her destination.

The proofs of her husband's innocence, with which I had furnished myself, and, also, perhaps, the eloquence of my words in his behalf, fully satisfied her; they were reconciled, re-united, made gloriously happy; and while I took the first lightning express back to my city-home, they pursued the journey to her fathers together, (for Fred had obtained a two weeks' leave of absence from his generous employers,) giving the old folks quite a joyful surprise by this unexpected visit.

To my certain knowledge, no one, excepting the parties most intimately concerned, have ever heard of this affair, and I don't think my cousins have ever suspected that my grand threats of "legal prosecution" and "arrest for conspiracy," were merely to frighten them, and carry my own point well. I enjoyed the affair immensely, for it served such a rich case of swift retributive justice on all sides; and, in addition to this, it was the means of doing some good, for, as I have observed, to my infinite amusement and satisfaction, my friend Frederick took the salutary lesson to heart, and profited by it. He was thereby effectually cured of flirting, and has now become the most devoted of husbands, and a model married man!

## METRIC WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Apropos of the constantly increasing discussion of the merits of the proposed Metric weights and measures, we should not forget the words of John Quincy Adams, in his report to Congress more than a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Adams gave ample time and all his abilities to the thorough study of the system, and, it is said, afterwards spoke of his report as the great work of his life. The reasons that led Mr. Adams to report against its adoption at that time are no longer in force. The system itself, which has in the last ten years made such wonderful strides that it is now commonly known throughout the world as the "universal" system, is that of which Mr. Adams deliberately said: "Considered merely as a labor-saving machine, it is a new power offered to man incomparably greater than that which he has acquired by the new agency which he has given to steam. It is in design the greatest *invention* of human ingenuity since that of printing." Later in the same report, with words prophetic of what we are evidently soon to see, Mr. Adams says: "If man upon earth be an improvable being; if that universal peace which was the object of a Saviour's mission, which is the desire of the philosopher, the longing of the philanthropist, the trembling hope of the Christian, is a blessing to which the futurity of mortal man has a claim of more than mortal promise; if the spirit of evil is, before the final consummation of more things, to be cast down from his dominion over men, and bound in the chains of a thousand years, —the foretaste here of man's eternal felicity,—then this system of common instruments to accomplish all the changes of social and friendly commerce will furnish the links of sympathy between the inhabitants of the most distant regions; *the meter will surround the world in use as well as in multiplied extension;* and one language of weights and measures will be spoken from the equator to the poles."

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

**Gold Size.**—Drying or boiled oil, thickened with yellow ochre, or calcined red ochre, and carefully reduced to the utmost smoothness by grinding. It may be thinned with oil of turpentine.

**Sally Lunn Pudding.**—Soak one of the tea-cakes, called Sally Lunn, in a basin that will just hold it, with boiling milk, for three hours, then turn it out. Scoop out a piece from the underside, so as not to injure the upper crust, and replace it.

**Jelly Rolls.**—Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, five cups of flower, one cup of milk, five eggs, one teaspoonful soda, two of cream tartar; bake in thin sheets, spread with currant jelly, and roll when cold, or in round, thin cakes, and spread, laying three or four cakes upon one another.

**Spruce Beer.**—One pailful of warm water one cup of molasses, one cup of yeast, one spoonful essence of spruce, one teaspoonful essence of sassafras, one spoonful of ginger. Mix the ginger and molasses, and turn the water on it boiling hot. When nearly cold add essences and yeast. Bottle the next morning.

**Fried Pickerel.**—The pickerel ranks next to trout among game fish, and should be fried in the same manner. Have one pint of crumbs of bread, a little chopped parsley, salt and pepper, a chopped onion, and a little sage. Make a stuffing of this and press it into the pickeral as much as possible; then sew it up and roll it in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry brown.

**Fig Pudding.**—Take a quarter of a pound of figs, pound them in a mortar, and mix gradually half a pound of bread crumbs, and four ounces of beef suet, minced very small, add four ounces of pounded sugar, and mix the whole together, with two eggs beaten up, and a good teacupful of new milk. When all these ingredients are well mixed, fill a mould and boil for four hours.

**Boiled Salmon Trout.**—Clean, wash and dry the trout. Envelope in a thin cloth fitted neatly to the shape of the fish; lay it within a fish kettle and cover with salted water and boil gently for an hour or longer, according to the size; when done unwrap and lay in a hot dish, pour round it cream sauce made as for baked salmon trout, only, of course, with the omission of the fish gravy, and serve.

**Parsnips.**—Scrape and wash your parsnips and put them on with just enough water to boil them, and no more; when they are done they should be nearly dry. Then dish them and pour over melted butter and a little salt, or some drawn butter. Or, boil them as directed above, and when done cut them in half, grease the bars of your gridiron; put them on it over some lively coals, and brown them.

**Black Stain for Wood.**—Boil half a pound of ship logwood in two quarts of water, add one ounce of pearlash, and apply it hot to the work with a brush. Then take half a pound of logwood, boil it as before in two quarts of water, and add half an ounce of verdigris and half an ounce of copperas; strain it off, put in half a pound of rusty steel filings, and with this go over your work a second time.

**Rich Apple Pudding.**—Take ten ounces of bread crumbs, two ounces of flour, one small cup of sugar, four ounces of shred suet, half a pound of currants, one teaspoonful of salt, one dozen almonds blanched and pounded, one wine glass of brandy, the whites of three eggs, half a nutmeg, a cup of milk; pare, core and chop the apples; mix all the dry ingredients well together; then stir in the whites of the eggs well beaten and add the brandy the last thing; boil in a bag or a well-buttered mold three hours.

**Fried Trout** are generally cooked in this way, and form a really delightful breakfast or supper-dish:—Clean, wash and dry the fish, roll lightly in flour, and fry in butter or clarified dripping or lard; let the fat be hot; fry quickly to a delicate brown, and take up the instant they are done; lay for an instant upon a hot folded napkin to absorb whatever grease may cling to their speckled sides; then range side by side on a heated dish, garnish and send to table. Use no seasoning except salt, and that only when the fish are fried in lard or unsalted dripping.

**Jaune Mange.**—1. Dissolve one ounce and a-half of isinglass in a pint and a half of water, add to it one pint of white wine, the yolks of eight eggs, and the juice of three lemons: boil the peels in the liquor, beat the eggs with the juice of the lemons; sweeten to your taste; boil it together, strain it, and pour into moulds. 2. Put one ounce of isinglass, taking out a pinch, into a basin, pour over it half a pint of boiling water, let it stand covered over before the fire all night, then put it over the fire and make it hot; add to it four yolks of eggs well beaten, half a pint of sherry wine, the juice and rind of one lemon: sweeten it to your taste; let it boil gently for a quarter of an hour. This quantity will make one good-sized mould.

**Pigeon Pie.**—Border a large dish with the puff-paste, and cover the bottom with a veal cutlet, or tender steak, free from fat and bone, and seasoned with salt, cayenne and nutmeg: prepare with great nicety as many fresh-killed pigeons as the dish will contain in one layer; put into each a slice of butter, seasoned with a little cayenne; lay them into the dish with the breasts downwards, and between and over them put the yolks of half a dozen hard-boiled eggs; stick plenty of butter on them, season the whole well with salt and spice, pour in some cold water for the gravy, roll out the cover three-quarters of an inch thick, secure it well round the edges, ornament it highly, and bake it for an hour or more in a well-heated oven.

**German Polish for Boots and Shoes.** Break into small pieces a cake of white wax, and pour it into a tin or earthenware vessel; pour over it as much oil of turpentine as will cover it; closely cover the vessel, and let it stand during twenty-four hours. During this interval the wax will have dissolved, and with the turpentine have formed a paste. With this incorporate as much finely powdered animal charcoal as will impart to the mixture an intensely black color. When required for use, take out a little on the point of a knife, and with a brush rub it into the boots, previously cleaned from dirt. The oil of turpentine will evaporate, leaving the wax upon the leather, in the form of a fine rich varnish. Should the composition become too dry, it may at any time be moistened by the addition of a little oil of turpentine.

**Cleaning Silk.**—The following mode of cleaning silk garments has been successfully tested. The garment must first be ripped and dusted. Have a large flat board; over it spread an old sheet. Take half a cup of ox gall, half a cup of ammonia, and half a pint of tepid soft water. Sponge the silk with this on both sides, especially the soiled spots. Having finished sponging roll it on a round stick like a broom handle, being careful not to have any wrinkles. Silk thus washed and thoroughly dried needs no ironing, and has a lustre like new silk. Not only silk, but merino barege, or any woollen goods may be thus treated with the best results.

**Wonderful Success of**
DR. T. FELIX'S GOURAUD'S
"ORIENTAL CREAM,"
OR
MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.
ITS FAME IS RAPIDLY SPREADING
OVER THE COUNTRY.

SEE THE AVALANCHE OF TESTIMONIALS
SELECTED FROM THOUSANDS, IN ITS
PRAISE.

A FRENCH LADY WRITES:

MONS. GOURAUD: 'Tis but an act of justice that I should spontaneously give you my unqualified testimonial of the united efficacy, innocence, and fragrance of your preparation for purifying and cleansing the skin. By its use every pimple and freckle have vanished from my face. You should, mon ami, as it is so sovereign and charming a remedy for scattering all blemishes from our faces, call it le delice des dames. En un mot, je suis enchante de le cosmetique et j'en vous remercie de tout mon cœur.

EMILLE DESMOULINS, Madison avenue.

THE FOLLOWING IS FROM THE EMINENT
TRAGEDIENNE, MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn.

DR. GOURAUD: Will you send six bottles of your ORIENTAL CREAM to the above address, not forgetting to be reasonable in price? Yours truly, MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

FROM THE COUNTESS DE BIERSKI, A LEADING SOCIETY LADY.

ROCHESTER, February 18, 1867.

DR. GOURAUD:

DEAR SIR: Please send me two more bottles of your charming ORIENTAL CREAM, by American Express, and oblige,

Yours, respectfully,
COUNTESS DE BIERSKI.

FROM MISS FANNIE STOCKTON, THE PRIMA DONNA OF THE OPERA HOUSE.

BUFFALO, December, 1866.

DR. T. F. GOURAUD: I do not wish to put anything else in contact with my face, so delightful am I with this matchless cosmetic. Please send me ten bottles.

FANNIE STOCKTON.

BANGOR, Maine.

DR. GOURAUD: I have found your CREAM so delicious! It softens and makes the skin so beautiful, it does give me faith in your other preparations. MISS ANNA G***.

ST. LOUIS.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD: The CREAM is the nicest for the skin; it is excellent.

MRS. E. CURTIN.

BOSTON.

DR. GOURAUD: Your ORIENTAL CREAM is perfectly delicious; it is so cooling and refreshing. MRS. EATON.

FROM EVANS, THE CELEBRATED PERFUMER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, April 30, 1868.

DR. GOURAUD: I think your CREAM is unquestionably the best thing in this line, for the reason that when a lady once uses it she continues it in preference to anything else. Our customers for it are regular ones. I find it is retailed by the druggists and fancy stores at two dollars a bottle yet. There is more sold here than you are aware of. What is required to insure a large sale is a liberal amount spent in judicious advertising. Let the ladies know its merits, and especially the price, and if they once try it we secure a regular customer. If I was the owner, I would sell more of it in this city than all the rest of the skin preparations put together.

T. W. EVANS.

Prepared and invented by DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, N. Y. Established 1839. To be had of all Druggists, &c.

☞ Beware of cheap imitations.

AN ECHO FROM LONDON.

8 MONTPELIER SQUARE, LONDON, S. W.,
ENGLAND, September 25, 1871.

SIR: Will you kindly inform me whether you have an agent in England where I could procure your "ORIENTAL CREAM" for the complexion? If not will you tell me what would be the smallest number of bottles you could send me from New York; what would be the sum total, carriage free, of such a parcel? and lastly, how could I forward you the required amount? I think you would have a very great sale here. Yours, truly,

E. BERRIE.

DR. GOURAUD, New York.

A VOICE FROM LONDON, ENGLAND.
21 TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
LONDON, W. C., November 13, 1871.

Le Journal des Modes:

SIR: The fame of your "ORIENTAL" having reached me, I enclose you the value in stamps, and will thank you to forward quickly. Will you be good enough to supply with the price per gross, cash with my name as agent on each bottle. Waiting your reply, I am faithfully yours,

SAMUEL MILLER.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD.

FROM THE GEM OF THE WEST.

A lady friend, with the finest complexion we ever saw, told us that "after reading the advertisement of DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM in our publication a year ago, she purchased it, and now she would not be without it for all the gold in Chicago." She further said that "hundreds of friends had tried to discover what she had used, but she had refused to inform them, as she prized it as a secret." We have determined to make the matter public. Let our readers try it. Found at DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S, 48 BOND STREET, New York, and all druggists.

(Quasi.)
ENDORSEMENT OF GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM BY THE DISTINGUISHED DR. L. A. SAYRE.

A lady of the haut ton, a patient of Dr. Sayre, discoursing on the use of cosmetics, he remarked to the lady: "You are already aware, Madame, that I am opposed to the use of cosmetics, but as you ladies will use them, I recommend GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL as the least harmless of the skin preparations."

"Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed."

As making up the face for the stage is one of the most unpleasant features of the business, professionals should welcome any invention which will alleviate the trouble. From practical experience of GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, we can vouch that it is a pleasant, wholesome preparation. To the eye the effect is beautiful, and to the skin delicious. It has solved a question—a question which has been a puzzle for a long time. —From the *Dramatic News*.

DEPOT for DR. GOURAUD'S Preparation is at No. 48 Bond street, New York. For sale by druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
Philadelphia
Founded Aug 4th A.D. 1821

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**Saturday Evening, December 2, 1876.**

## A NEW FEATURE

## GOOD BOOKS FOR ALL!

### The Best Reading Brought Within Your Reach.

As new books are announced from time to time, thousands would gladly read them, but the cost is too great. Indeed the majority cannot afford to buy one-half the publications which they could read with pleasure and profit.

We desire to bring within the reach of thousands of such families the best literature of the day, and make a beginning in that direction in the plan described below. If there be the co-operation we desire and expect, its facilities will be extended from time to time, until every reader of this paper shall have the whole field of literature and science made easily attainable.

As a beginning we have selected from the books of the leading publishers one hundred of the best works of standard writers. The list of these will be published in a succeeding number of the Post. As many duplicates of each of these hundreds as shall be needed, will be provided. To these additions are to be made from time to time, until it embraces a complete collection of the books the people want to read.

The library thus founded is to be for the benefit of the subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post.

For the present the following offer is made. To any one now a subscriber to this paper, who will send us the names of four new subscribers, with the subscription price ($2) for each, we will give the reading of any ten books he may select from our library during the year. We will send the books, one at a time, post-paid by mail, allow one month for their perusal, at the end of which time they are to be returned to us, for the benefit of others.

We will give the privilege of drawing ten books for each four new subscribers sent as above. There are few neighborhoods where at least four subscribers cannot be obtained with a little effort, and in many cases a person can by getting twelve or sixteen subscribers, command the use of thirty to forty of the best books during the year.

We shall not object to the inducement being used in getting your four new subscribers, that you will allow them to share in the reading of the books, provided only that they be returned to us in good order' We desire that the use of our facilities be as wide as possible, and that as many as possible shall be benefited thereby.

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Now then, we ask that the work of canvassing in every neighborhood be actively commenced. We are assured by hundreds of letters that the old Post was never better, and that it can be conscientiously recommended to your friends. The books offered for selection will be of the best, and we confidently expect thousands will enjoy their reading.

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Pennsylvania has hung more murderers than any other State. It is the Hempire State.—*Graphic.* Such jokes as that are a noose-ance.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.* We had intended to add one, but after a moment's reflection concluded to gibbet up.—*Norristown Herald.* We contribute our drop and expect to see more necks tweak.

## THE WAY TO EDUCATE.

Doing a thing gives power to do it easier and better. These few words express the reason for and the way of education, and they ought to be indelibly fixed in the mind of every teacher and pupil. The illustration of their truth may be seen in every act and calling. Notice the boy learning to write. He is not expected to master penmanship by listening to lectures. He takes a pen and begins. What work he makes of it. His untrained muscles refuse to move where his eye would guide them; his nervous efforts to control them are ludicrous. Almost every part of his body seems to sympathize with his strenuous efforts; his head is drawn to one side, his tongue thrust out and seems to be trying to trace the forms of the letters with its tip, and the letters look as though they might have been made with the pen held in his mouth. But day by day the task grows easier; the hand learns to obey the guidance of the eye and the thought, and ere long almost without attention, mechanically as we say, the well formed letters follow the rapid tracing of the pen.

The skillful stroke of the blacksmith with his hammer; of the sculptor with his chisel; the astounding feats of the trained athlete; the critical ear of the musician, and the delicate taste of the connoisseur in wines, all tell the same story. Excellence has been attained by repetition, by constant practice, until the requisite organs seem to move of themselves, and habit forms second nature.

These obvious truths seem to be strangely overlooked in much of the educational training of the day. Children are set to commit tasks to memory from books, and by practice they acquire marvelous facility in repeating words. If this is to be their calling in life; if they are to be great rememberers of what others have written, the right course is pursued. But merely knowing what others think is of little account, unless one knows how to think for himself and so to use the materials which others have gathered. The blacksmith may fill his shops with tools and patterns, and yet be only a botch of a mechanic.. The English farmer hit the nail on the head when in reply to a man who boasted of his superiority because he had graduated at two universities he said, "I had a calf that sucked two cows, but it only made him a bigger calf."

Training in observation and reasoning can alone give skill and power in using the perceptive and reasoning faculties. A ten minutes familiar talk with a child on a subject in which he will become interested to investigate for himself, will be more valuable than hours devoted to memorizing words about the matter. In active life success depends largely upon ability to detect facts, compare them and draw conclusions, and he only is a skillful teacher who knows how to arrange the tasks of a child so that he shall be brought to follow this method, and exercise in it regularly.

## THANKSGIVING.

The old New England festival of Thanksgiving has happily become a national institution, and the day for its observance is designated by the President. To those who passed their childhood in the New England States, it brings some of the happiest memories of life. Holidays were few there. The old puritanical spirit which looked upon joyousness and mirth as nearly allied to wickedness, cast its severity over most of the year. But under this sombre exterior, the brighter elements of character were only hidden, not destroyed, and when their creed sanctioned and enjoined the expression of gladness, it beamed forth with all the greater lustre because of the habitual repression. The whole land rejoiced together and all that could add to the fullness of pleasure was liberally brought forth.

Who can describe the mutual happiness of parents and children, brothers and sisters, all assembled again under the old roof-tree perhaps for the only time during the year. The bountiful feast that had for weeks filled the imagination of the youngsters now disappointed only because they could not hold more! And then the games, the frolics, when all joined and the old became young again. If there is less heartiness than formerly in the celebration of the day, it is because such occasions of indulgence in pleasure are more frequent, and the average of enjoyment is higher.

The time-honored custom has too strong a hold upon us now to be easily set aside. It would be a sad day for the nation, should a time ever come when all hearts should not willingly respond to an invitation to join in grateful expressions for the good brought by the passing year. Neglectful ingratitude can only find place where the decay of virtue has desolated the heart; a thankless people have advanced far toward ruin.

The suggestions of the day will bring pain to many hearts; remembrances of prosperity now lost and visions of loved ones now gone. Yet let such not give way to repining or refuse to recognize the hand of a loving Father whose mercies never fail, though we may not for a time be able to discern his loving hand. Let faith in Him bring peace if not gladness, and anticipations of reaping in joy what has been sown in tears.

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The training of children must begin with the very cradle to be perfect. The saying that man is a bundle of habits is as true of babies as it is of grown children.

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The political atmosphere is growing colder, and betting men generally seem to think it will stake-holder, too.—*North American.* In proof of this several pools are mentioned as being frozen too.

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The cuts in the New York Tobacco Journal are not fine cuts.—*N. O. Rep.* Probably fine cuts would be chew expensive.—*St. Louis Jour.* If you fellows can "Solace" yourselves with such puns, why pipe away.—*Norristown Herald.* It's snuff to make one sick to see such quid-ditties.

## ADOWN BY THE ORCHARD WALL.

BY R. A. J.

Adown by the mossy orchard wall,
The while the perfumed rose-leaves fall,
And the robin trills his merry song,
Two lovers stroll; but what they say,
Nor you nor I shall know to-day;
For the boundless store
Of love's sweet lore
To robins and lassies will ever belong.

By busy hands the meadows are strewn
With the fragrant billows of grass, new-mown.
But still the robin pipes his lay,
And listening, now, the lovers wait
Beside the slowly-swinging gate,
For once they pass
Outside, alas!
Through workaday paths their feet must stray.

They are living now life's blossoming hours,
When every walk is aglow with flowers,
And never a day is fraught with care.
Though toil may threaten and frown at will,
Their happy hearts keep singing still.
"Youth is the time
For a wedding chime;
Love, love is sweet and the whole world fair."

They never dream that youth must grow old—
That the sunny head must lose its gold—
That bounding limbs e'er grow less free—
That ever the white and shapely hand
May grow too thin for love's shining band;
And, saddest of all,
That one may fall,
And their love live only in memory.

Ah! happy, happy youthful pair,
The world is sweet, and life is fair;
While you joy in the clasp of clinging hands,
And when, old and lonely, you totter down
Life's last, slow hill, may love still crown
Each silvering head,
By true love led
Across earth's wearying, desert sands.

## THE MYSTERY OF BALARAT.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Six of us had found our way into the gold diggings of Balarat, six of us rather above the ordinary miner, in that we were neither convicts, gamblers, nor quarrelsome fellows. We chose a place remote from other crews who worked the more easterly claims, and found no incumbrances save a lone man who seemed to be a hunter, and whom we, at first, looked upon with distrust, until his generosity won upon our gratitude. Every day or two he came down to our camp with a brace of birds, or a haunch of kangaroo, and only with the greatest amount of urging could we get him to accept remuneration.

"What does it matter, boys?" he would say; "the 'bush' is swarming with game, and enough is enough. There is nowhere to sell it, and what should I want of money?"

He always repeated this last question with the bitterest intonation, or, at least, I got that impression on my mind. After some months of acquaintanceship we persuaded him to come into our mess, and urged upon him the expediency or his mining with us.

"Make a fortune," Brace said.

"Make a fortune, Masters, and we'll return to the world and see the sights."

What a lurid glow came into the man's eyes.

"Why should I? Why should we?" The world don't miss us—not in the least, unless we are such sad rascals that she is afraid of us, and then the missing is a happy sensation."

We could only guess at his history. He was not illiterate, not ill-favored. Probably some disappointment in love, or business, had soured his disposition, and made a misanthrope, or recluse, of him. It seemed that he gave up his old roaming life by inches; staying with us, at first, for a few days, and by and by for a week or two; then reversing it altogether, being absent from our mess now and then a day at a time. His inseparable companion was an immense black bull-dog, and I half believe that we urged Masters to join us as much for the sake of the animal as his own. The brute was awake, snuffing about the cabin, outside and inside—although but seldom disturbing us in this way—his wakefulness usually assuring us of his watchfulness.

Masters was a fellow of Herculean proportions, swarthy almost as a mulatto, and the apathy that seemed to pervade his nature when we first found him in the desolate regions of Balarat, soon gave way to an avaricious fire, which the others failed to notice, and which I was loth to mention, lest I should prejudice some one against him.

After three months' labor each of us had accumulated a handsome deposit. Each one had his leathern pouch for holding the precious metal; and in a little cellar place under the cabin roof we hid our treasures, until such time as the accumulated amount should warrant a journey to Melbourne.

One morning, just after breakfast, Masters gave a howl of rage, exclaiming that he had been robbed. We all sprung up lively, only to make a like discovery. The pouches were mostly filled with sand, with a small amount of dust on top.

We looked at each other in baffled amazement, ejaculating "How? When? By whom?"

Our cabin was close by where we worked. No one could possibly have been near it, besides the huge watch-dog would not let a stranger approach the premises. For several nights he had travelled over and about us all night, snuffing the air, going outside and coming in at will, for we felt safer with him for door-keeper than with all the bolts and bars in creation.

For several nights after that, Masters and Dick Brace watched just outside the door with rifles cocked in their hands, until I showed them the ridiculousness of the proceeding by exclaiming, "Doing picket duty over empty pouches? What an idea! As if the thief would return after the leather, boys."

They were considerably confused as they realized their misplaced zeal, and betook themselves to their couches like sensible men.

None of us seemed to mind the trick that fortune had played us, excepting Masters. "It isn't any use to go on working—my old life is better," and although we tried to our utmost we could not move him. "What good is there in digging and then lose it all at once?"

"But," returned Digby, "we don't mean to lose it again; we will each one hide in a secret and separate place; then if one loses, the rest can make it up to him."

Master's swarthy face worked as he heard the generous fellow's plan, but in a moment he shook his head. He straggled off into the wilds, coming every few days with game, which he not unfrequently broiled for us, while we were digging up the dirt in the mines. The dog, for the most part, hung around the camp. If he started with his master he would soon return.

"I dare not have him along with me," Masters explained, "now that he has got a safe home. He is too spirited. He would tackle a drove of dingoes, and so lose his life."

"Isn't it about time for us to organize a picket guard?" asked Digby one evening at mealtime. "The devil may fly away with our wallets when they are half full, this time."

"Hardly," returned the boys, "the old fellow don't descend to petty larceny, as I have ever heard. Depend upon it, there is no danger until we find it a slippery job to tie the string. Why, what made you think of it?"

"Some sort of a jumbled up dream that I had last night," I remarked.

"All right! If you say picket, picket it is."

"Oh," said Brace, with a spice of malice, "Carnes is the fellow that perpetrated the joke concerning the sentineling of empty pouches, before, and now he proposes mounting guard on but little higher principles—they are not more than half filled now."

"Perhaps empty," vouchsafed another.

With this some one dove into their safe and shouted,

"I swear, its a clean sweep again."

"Impossible!" we all tried, rushing hither and yon, and meeting five minutes later with blank faces and collapsed wallets. "This accounts for the strange actions of the dog last night. He wasn't quiet a moment, scuffling back and forth—and what does it all mean?" "Does it mean *Masters?*"

Every one hotly disclaimed the idea."

"It is but a rehearsal of the performance when *he* as well as ourselves lost his gold. "But why does not the dog make an outcry?"

"His early education, no doubt," you know Masters obtained him somehow of outlaws, and it is my opinion that that is the reason that he does not allow the animal to accompany him any more lest he be recognized and kidnapped. Doubtless his original master could interpret his every movement, while we cannot."

"But how is the thing done?"

"It must be in the day time."

"No; I can take oath that my metal was safe last evening." Well, it couldn't be accomplished in the night, unless, indeed, the ominous pause caused each man to look at his neighbor.

"Let's have the whole thing, Digby," yelled Brace, flushing to the roots of his hair. "We don't want any insinuations coming in to sit down with us. I swear, its disagreeable enough to work like a truck-horse and the devil get the wages without a messmate biting off a sentence in that nasty fashion."

Digby was hugely embarrassed at the unexpected and furious attack, but he managed to articulate.

"I didn't finish because, 'twas too ridiculous. I was going to say that it was beyond comprehension unless one of us were a sleep-walker."

"Never was guilty of the thing," each one affirmed of himself.

Well, we spent a whole day hunting for some clue to the mystery. With ideas of subterraneous passages, we churned our picks into the holes where our gold had been, and butted about the camp for underground passages.

We could discover nothing but the tracks of the dog where he had been outside and down to the fork to drink.

Masters came in that night and advised us to leave that accursed locality; but we couldn't make up our minds to do so, so long as the deposits continued to yield so richly.

"No," said Digby, in an aside to me, "Carnes, if I stay here at Balarat alone, I will remain until I solve this mystery."

I imbibed something of his spirit, besides I resolved to be doing a little spying on my own account; for it certainly must be one of our party—or the devil—that accomplished these clever robberies.

We were filling up our wallets again, but with the determination if we lost again to consider the place the haunts of disembodied thieves.

It came about a wild, windy morning, finishing off with a noisy night. We had worked like mules all day, and I had the impression that Masters would bring us in a brace of fowls for supper, and sure enough he did, and roasted them for us. We sat down together and feasted like rather begrimmed, but mammoth sylvan fairy kings, while my mind, amidst all the uproarous laughter, and coarse but witty jokes, was settling into a fixed determined plan.

As the day departed, Masters shouldered his rifle and strode off. A little later, I strolled outside without saying anything to the boys of my intentions. By the greatest stratagems I kept Masters in view. On and on, I kept dodging behind elevations, boulders, and evergreens, but the darkness was settling down heavily, and I should soon lose sight of him. The wind made such a rushing and roar that no sound of my walking appraised him of pursuit. I certainly never felt like a guilty sneak until on this occasion; to be following along after an open-hearted messmate in this cowardly manner, made me cringe at every fresh crackling of the bushes. What if he should discover me? What explanation could I offer?

We had left the barren ridge and were deeply in the wooden district adjoining, when I suddenly lost sight of him.

"A fool for my pains," I muttered, thinking of the disagreeable walk that I should have on my return.

While wandering about in the growth of evergreen I came to a sudden halt. I had heard voices—low, mumbling tones close to me. I placed my revolver handy and crept forward. I came upon a cunningly devised camp made of interlaced ferns and branches, but matted and woven so closely as not to admit the wind, nor show the lights within to anyone two yards away. A whining voice was remonstrating.

Masters was replying.

"Only this time, Harry, I swear it; and then you and I will return to the world, and make the world wish we were not in it."

At the imminent risk of detection, I drew closer yet and placed my eye to a small crevice. A miserable, mis-shapen boy with a wizened, old visage was crouched at Master's feet, fondling the man's hands with all the fawning affection of a dumb animal, and Master's face had on it an expression which I had never seen before. It was idolatrous love, mingled with a fierce, devilish hate.

A moment later I saw *more*—a startling, unlooked for revelation, and creeping off a few yards from the camp, I then rose to my feet and ran at a crazy speed back to where the boys were smoking and wondering at my strange absence.

"Is the dog here, Duncan?"

"He was a moment ago—yes, there he is, snuffing about the path to the mines. But where have you been?"

"I have made the strangest discovery, boys; but you have all got to take a solemn oath to do just as I say, or I will not reveal it."

They saw by my manner that it was something astounding, and after a little hesitation they agreed to my proposition.

"Will you agree to lose your gold again without a murmur, if we can not only discover the thief, but, hereafter be exempt from further depredations?"

A longer pause followed and then Duncan spoke out, "I will;" and the others not to be outdone agreed also to do this.

"Under no provocation are you to fire a shot."

"This is strange—is it *delirium tremens*, or hydrophobia, Carnes?"

"I am suffering from an attack of neither."

"Go ahead, old fellow," said Brace, "we'll agree to anything to make you happy."

"Thank you; you all are to feign sleep at the usual hour, and let the dog act as he may, you are to remember not to move a finger against him."

"Him? Of course not."

"Oh, but it will take more moral courage to forbear than you imagine. Allow me to develop the case properly; and I rely upon your promises."

"Honor bright!" they all exclaimed.

For an hour or more we watched the dog trot out and in, and finally go snuffing towards the stream.

Soon after we camped down for the night, but not to sleep. Two hours more passed away, and then the dog came in as usual, with elevated muzzle, sniffing at one sleeper, or presumptious sleeper, and another. He stepped over one or two of them and sat down; then he moved along over others and yawning, stretched himself for a doze. Every eye watched his movements, although with different ideas. The boys waited for him to give some warning of the thief's approach; I watched for a different reason.

He did not sleep long. He walked carefully among and over the recumbent figures, occasionally gave his ears a slat, or shook himself; and once with his hind foot scratched his neck. No one can imagine my emotions as I waited. But I was losing patience, when the animal began to be more entreating. I am sure that there must have been extreme control placed upon the emotions of the boys as they saw this dog scientifically move away the obstructions from each cunning hiding-place about the cabin, and removing one pouch at a time, trot outside with them in his mouth, and after being absent some ten minutes, return with the empty leather, and silently replace them, his white paws showing at the work, although it was darkish in the cabin, save where the open door let in the brilliant starlight. In turn, five pouches were thus emptied of their gold, and as he was passing me with the last one, I made a show of fright. I grappled the animal by the neck and yelled out——

"You devil! I am going to put a knife through you."

A wild, whining, gutteral cry, with a human intonation, was the response, and the boys, horrified, called out—

"For the love of Heaven, Carnes, let go, it's the devil!"

I *had* let go, and the animal tossing a white paw almost into my face, fled with terrible yelps out into the night, and a solemn howl and baying from the wilds returned the cry.

Then the boys dropped the door of the tent and buttoned it, with nervous haste, lighted a lamp, and with wild eyes and distracted mein looked one to the other.

I could not forbear a laugh so long as I held a solution to the mystery.

"Incredible!" aspirated Duncan, "that a dog could be trained to perform like that."

"Boys," said I, "that was no dog."

"I believe you," affirmed Brace, "it was the devil."

"No, not that; hear me explain;" and I told them of what I had seen in Master's camp. The miserable little short-legged, long-armed, misshapen boy, and the few words that had passed between them, and the bringing forth of the dog skin with the white paws, an exact counterpart of the animal which we had regarded with such esteem.

"But don't insinuate, madam, that it was *not* the dog—our dog—which has committed the thefts!"

"Certainly it was not our dog, but the elfish boy, dressed in a dog's coat."

"But I can't understand," put in Duncan, "the real animal——

"Would have tarried with us and betrayed the infernally contrived trick, only by scent he knew of his master's approach, for of course he came close up with the boy, to protect him if need be, and our dog was decoyed away until the robber was safe."

"But I swear," says Duncan, "who would have believed that under his friendly visits and confidences he was finding out our hiding-places?"

"And had the dog-boy sometimes with him to hear the details."

One or two of the boys came indignantly to their feet.

"Shall we let the rascal go scot free?"

"Boys, boys, remember your promise. He would not be taken alive, and is there one of us who would have his blood on our hands. No, no, I saw his face unmasked to-night in the evergreen camp. It was a mirror of hell. Somewhere and somehow he has been wronged in a way that would make assassins of any of us. Let him go, boys, let him go."

They let him go.

With daylight a crumpled bit of paper on the floor explained the uplifting of the paw, as the masked robber left the cabin. On it were scrawled these words:

> I shall trouble your gold no more. I have enough; and, boys, while you curse me, remember how you found me palsied in every faculty owing to the fact of being sent here, transported for life for my rival's crime, and in your simple good-heartness you roused me to action—hate, avarice, and hope of revenge, I could not wait to earn the gold. I stole it, but you are not blameless. Why did you keep telling me of returning to the world? of letting the world know that I would be even with it? Boys, I was a man outraged beyond all precedent—an escaped convict, but no criminal, until the thirst for revenge, for speedy, terrible revenge, made me a robber, a doubly-accursed robber, in as much as Marian's poor child. Boys, boys, my chief pang in leaving this accursed mound in the watery waste, is betraying your trust. Forgive me! Forgive me! MASTERS.

"Can we?" asked Duncan, coughing huskily, as if he had half-swallowed a bull.

"I can," I returned heartily.

We six, unconceivably demonstrative, shook hands, and solemnly buttoned our doors of nights, and never mentioned the poor thief's name, only when we chanced to hear a shepherd's dog howl, we would glance over our pipes at each other and silently go on with our smoking.

## CALIFORNIAN CHINESE.

One of the most curious of San Francisco's sights is the Chinese theatre. For a trifing sum you may enter the large hall which forms the theatre, and take your seat on a plain wooden bench in the pit or gallery. On the left, in the woman's gallery, is a double row of diminutive, almond-eyed girls, who chatter with far more animation than their male friends exhibit, as they stolidly smoke on their seats of observation. The stage is a platform without scenery or decoration, save large strips of red paper, inscribed in black characters, posted against the wall. The actors, in costume, make entrances and exits through curtained doors; converse in disagreeable falsetto; perform in combats more like pantomime than dramas, wherein the ferocious foemen roll over and pirouette as they conduct deadly combats, and finally stab each other, or cut off the head of monsters, with a coldblooded untying of cords or unhinging of wires, which plainly reveal the tricks of mechanism. Indeed, there is no attempt whatever at illusion. Whenever the supernumeraries get through using their bastinadoes, or the warriors drop their spears, or the hero discards his false whiskers, or the dragon is divested of his head, the property-man, who has been smoking his pipe at the rear of the stage in company with two or three friends, cames lazily forward, picks up the articles, while the play is going on, and hangs them up on nails in full sight, or deposits them in a chest in the corner. The orchestra, which is in an alcove at the rear, never ceases playing. It consists chiefly of a pair of cymbals, and subsidiarily of a sort of tomtom, or wooden drum, a thin-voiced banjo, and a horizontal bass viol, played by rubbing on the strings. The music evolved from these instruments seems to be symbolical, and would interest an admirer of Wagner. When it is at its loudest, in the terrific combats, a very little of it will go a great way to the uneducated ear. And when the prima donna comes forward and shrieks an air, in precisely the falsetto of a feline solo, it is time for the auditor to "fold his tent, like the Arabs, and silently steal away."

## DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BY WILMER H. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson grown old, Johnson in the fulness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him, his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge, and the negro Frank—all are as familiar to many as the objects by which they have been surrounded from childhood.

But we have no minute information respecting those years of Johnson's life during which his characters and his manners became immutably fixed. We know him not as he was known to the men of his own generation, but as he was known to men whose father he might have been. Boswell and Mrs. Thrale, the two writers from whom we derive most of our knowledge respecting him, never saw him till long after he was fifty years old, when most of his great works had become classical, and when the pension bestowed on him by Lord Bute had placed him above poverty. He went to London precisely at the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs; to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place; to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be haunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from "Grub street to St. George's Fields," and from "St. George's Fields to the alleys behind St. Martin's Church; to sleep on a bulk in June, and among the ashes of a glass-house in December; to die in an hospital and to be buried in a parish vault, was then the fate of more than one writer. Into calamities and difficulties such as these Johnson plunged in his twenty-eighth year. From that time till he was fifty-two we have little information respecting him—little compared with the full and accurate information which we possess respecting his proceedings and habits toward the close of his life. He emerged at length from cocklofts and sixpenny ordinaries into the society of the polished and the opulent. His fame was established. A pension sufficient for his wants had been conferred on him, and he came forth to astonish a generation with which he had almost as little in common as with Frenchmen and Spaniards. From nature he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper, and the roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man who had been long tried by the bitterest calamities—by the want of meat, of fire and of clothes; by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence.

The characteristic peculiarity of Johnson's intellect was the union of great powers with low prejudices. Where he was not under the influence of some strange scruple, or some domineering passion, which prevented him from boldly and fairly investigating a subject, he was a wary and accurate reasoner a little too much inclined to skepticism, and a little too fond of paradox. The judgments which he passed on books were in his own time regarded with superstitious veneration, and in our time are generally treated with indiscriminate contempt. On men and manners he looked with a most observant and discriminating eye. His remarks on the education of children, on marriage, on the economy of families, on the rules of society, are always striking and generally sound. But the reputation of those writings which he probably expected to be immortal is every day fading, while those peculiarities of manner and that careless table-talk, the memory of which he probably thought would die with him, are likely to be remembered as long as the English language is spoken in any quarter of the globe.

## THE LONGEST DAYS.

At London and at Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and a half hours; at Stockholm, in Sweden, the longest day has eighteen and a half hours; at Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzic, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven hours; at St. Petersburg, in Russia, and Tobolsk, in Siberia, the longest day has nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours; at Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two hours and a half; at Wardhuys, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July, without interruption, and at Spitzbergen the longest day is three and a half months; at New York the longest day, June 19th, has fourteen hours and fifty-six minutes, and at Montreal fifteen and a half hours.

**SELF-CONFIDENCE.**—Men often lose opportunities by want of self-confidence. Doubts and fears in the minds of some rise up for every event, and they fear to attempt what most probably will be succesful through mere timorousness, while a courageous, active man will, with perhaps half the ability, carry an enterprise to a prosperous termination.

### IN THE OLDEN TIME

BY ANONYMOUS.

Would you talk of the love of the olden time,
When earth was freer from wrong and crime,
When faith was simple and hearts were warm,
To brave the tempest and face the storm:
When lovers met by the trysting tree,
Where summer breezes were blowing free,
And the chattering birds on the leafy boughs
Would stop to listen to lovers' vows?

Do you think that the world was purer then?
Was there more of truth in the hearts of men,
Less love of power and lust of gain,
And less of sin to wither and stain?
Were the tender vows that lovers spoke
'Neath the leafy shade of their trysting oak
In the olden time that is now long past,
More strong in purpose, more sure to last?

Though the world grows old with its load of crime,
Though the simple faith of olden time,
Its earnest purpose, and quiet ways,
Are lost in the tumult of later days,
Yet the glimpse of Eden love brings again
Will cheer and brighten the hearts of men;
And whether the times be new or old,
The wonderful story will still be told.

# JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

*Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.*

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### JOSHUA STOPS HIS WATCH.

Little Bethel was crammed to suffocation on the Sunday that followed the burial of Oswald Pentreath. Not only had the flock assembled in fullest force to hear their pastor improve the occasion, and enlarge upon the evil that had been wrought against him by the Philestine, but many who were not of Joshua's sect had been drawn to his tabernacle by curiosity. They wanted to see how the man would bear himself under circumstances so trying to manly fortitude.

The flock were not disappointed in the demeanor of their minister. Never had Joshua conducted his simple service with greater dignity. His prayers, those eloquent extemporary supplications, modeled upon the theology of William Law, yet with something of Jeremy Taylor's florid warmth in their coloring, carried his congregation along with him like rushing waters down which a fleet of frail boats are driven tumultuously, knowing not whither they drift. It was by his eloquence in prayer chiefly that Joshua had established his power over his flock. He elevated their souls by his own enthusiasm; they felt themselves raised to a spiritual height, which of themselves alone they could never have obtained. They heard their cares and sorrows, their petty doubts and difficulties, their failures and shortcomings and evil acts, laid at the foot of the great throne, with such appeals for pardon and pity as their dull minds could never frame, their uneloquent lips never utter. Joshua took them up in his arms, as it were, and held them at the feet of their Saviour, and called down the eternal mercy for them. He used the Scriptures for their benefit, as a skilful barrister uses precedents for the extrication of his clients. He found bounteous promises that they had never dreamed of in those familiar words of Holy Writ, covenants and pledges of grace and mercy. He held a golden key, with which he opened the treasury of Heaven, and brought forth promises and favors for his people.

To-day his prayers took a tone of deepest self-humiliation. He laid himself prostrate before offended Heaven, and there was none of the exultant pride which the flock expected to discover in his supplications, no thanksgiving for an unsullied conscience and a soul clear of offence, for rectitude which could laugh to scorn the revilings of the evil-minded. It was the publican, and not the Pharisee, who stood up to pray in that rural temple.

The hymn he chose was of a gloomy cast; but all his ministrations had of late been of a gloomy character. When he went up into the pulpit, and looked round at the upturned faces, and slowly opened his Bible there was a hush of expectancy. It was thought that his text would have some bearing on the strange event of the past week, and that in his sermon he would take occasion publicly to declare the falsehood and iniquity of the charge that had been brought against him.

But when he had given out the text, with his usual deliberate distinctness, there was a general sense of disappointment; the verses he had chosen seemed to have so little bearing on the subject which filled the public mind.

"In those days they shall say no more. The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge. But every one shall die for his own iniquity."

Only Naomi understood the meaning of those words of assurance. For each the burden of his own sin; the assassin's innocent children were to have no portion in the shame and agony of his guilt. Upon this text Joshua Haggard enlarged with more than his accustomed power. Very awful was the picture which he painted of the sinner's earthly doom, the slow agonies of conscience, the shameful shrinking from the face of his fellowmen, the caresses of his children stinging him like the sting of serpents, the reverence and obedience of his household a mockery and a reproach—the light of day intolerable, the sun a burden, the quiet night accursed. And when from this picture of the sinner's suffering on earth he turned to the contemplation of his punishment hereafter, the vision assumed a darker and more terrible aspect. Before the Titanic tortures of that land of shadows, earth's puny torments shrunk to the sting of buzzing summer flies, as measured against the venom of the cobra or the rattlesnake. Joshua conjured up those visions of horror with a strange uncanny power, as if the fiend had lifted the corner of hell's curtain, and showed him the fiery gulf behind. He dwelt on those terrors with a gloomy relish, and spoke of hell and doom with a familiar knowledge, as if he had steeped his soul in the fires of Pandemonium.

Coming out of chapel, amidst the crowd, Naomi found herself close to a stranger who was talking of her father.

"I can believe anything of this man, now I've heard him preach," he said.

"Why?" inquired his companion.

"Because I am very sure he is a madman."

"I don't see that," said the other, startled by the assertion. "His sermon was violent and gloomy, but sane enough.

"No sane man ever preached as that man preaches, and you may take my word for it."

Here the crowd parted Naomi from the speaker; but what she had heard impressed her deeply. It was hardly a new thought which was thus abruptly presented to her. The change in her father had inspired her with fears, to which she had hardly dared to give their actual form. Who was to discriminate between perpetual gloom, moody silence, an unbroken reserve, and the tokens and indications of a mind distraught? That her father's whole character had undergone an alteration since the day of Oswald Pentreath's disappearance, she well knew. Was it not possible that, on that day the clear light of reason was darkened forever? From that fatal hour he had broken loose from all old ties—from children and wife, and friends and business—he had been like an owl of the desert, a pelican in the wilderness.

But even with the horror of the thought there came a blessed sense of relief. If reason had left him in the hour of temptation, if light was quenched before he did that fatal deed, her father was not accountable for his sin. It was not with his whole mind that he had broken the divine law. The clouded brain had not taken the measure of the act.

This offered a way out of her deepest sorrow. Dreadful as earthly penalties might be—shameful, intolerable, revolting—it was Heaven's anger she most dreaded for the father she so devotedly loved. Sure of God's pardon and pity for the sinner, she could see him perish on the scaffold with only earthly sorrow, with only sense of earthly suffering and loss; secure of a fair hereafter, a glorious meeting in a land of rest and peacefulness, while the red robes of repentant sinners were to be washed whiter than snow.

Awful, then, as this thought of mental alienation was, there was comfort in it. She could cling closer to her afflicted father, pitying and pardoning him, full of remorse for her own share in his suffering, ascribing to herself half his guilt.

"If I had but spared him the knowledge of that letter, Heaven might have spared me this anguish," she thought.

Joshua was absent from the family board at the two o'clock Sunday dinner—an uninteresting repast of cold provisions, which James Haggard regarded as one of the privations and trials of his career. Other people in Combhollow rioted in hot joints and savory potatoes, reeking with unctious grease and gravy, followed by huge fruit pie or pastry, and, perchance, a bowl of cream.

"I don't call it honoring the Sabbath to sit down to a worse dinner than on a work-day," Jim remarked, argumentatively. "And all that Sally may sit in a corner of our pew and breathe hard all through the sermon."

"Eat your dinner, and be thankful," said Aunt Judith, severely; "or leave it, and hold your tongue. I wonder you can be so base-minded as to think of your meals at such a time, with such affliction come upon your house as we've had to bear."

"Do you mean Captain Pentreath bringing that charge against father?" asked Jim, contemptuously. "I'm not such a fool as to fret about that. Any lunatic might accuse us of murder, or arson, or high treason, or gunpowder plot. Poor Pentreath's head's been turned by finding his brother at the bottom of Matcherly mine. I was over at The First and Last when the inquest was going on, and heard everybody saying it was worse than madness to lay such a crime at father's door. There's not a man in Combhollow would believe a word against father."

"It would be hard if they would," retorted Judith, "after the life your father has lived among 'em all these years, and no one able to bring a reproach against him, unless it was for foolishness in marrying a silly girl for the sake of her pretty face."

"I never saw any silliness in Cynthia," said Jim; "and for my part I wish she was home again. I miss her pretty face, though it was sad enough for the last twelve months, goodness knows. I don't think we any of us made her too happy."

"She's a deal better away," replied Judith, with a sour look. "She turned your father's thoughts from his duties, and never brought anything but trouble into this house. Let her stop with friends of her own station, if she has any."

"Ain't it rather like turning her out-of-doors to let her stop away so long?" asked Jim.

"I didn't know it was a son's place to find fault with his father's doings," said Judith. "Your father's the best judge of his duty to his wife, I should hope. It isn't for us to interfere. He didn't ask our leave when he brought her home, and it's not likely he'd want our leave to send her away.'

"It's a pity things couldn't go smoother, anyhow," pursued Jim, persistently; "for she's a pretty little thing, and a good little thing, that would never do harm to any one."

"That's all you know, Mr. Clever. Perhaps you'll be kind enough to keep your opinion till you're asked for it. Why don't you eat your dinner, Naomi?" inquired Miss Haggard, sharply. "It's as good a bit of beef as ever was cooked, and I suppose *you're* not too dainty to eat cold meat on the Sabbath."

"I'm not hungry, Aunt," said Naomi.

She had been sitting with her plate before her, making no attempt to eat, hearing her aunt and brother talking, but in no wise understanding them. Her thoughts were with her father in his lonely room. He had pleaded a headache, and gone quietly up to his bed-chamber when he came in from chapel. How was he bearing his burden? Without consolation, without sympathy. Yea, verily without human sympathy; but for this believer, even in his depth of guilty despair, there still remained a pitying Ear that would listen to his groaning, and take account of his anguish. The Friend of sinners would not be deaf to his cry.

"I think I'll go upstairs and see how father is, and if he wants anything," said Naomi, rising from her seat at the table.

"If I was you, I wouldn't go bothering and disturbing him," said Judith, with her accustomed tartness;" but of course you can do as you like about it."

This was an indirect order not to go; but, for once in her life, Naomi disobeyed, and went straight to Joshua's room.

She knocked, but there was no answer, and she went in quietly, hoping to find her father asleep.

He was sitting in front of the open escritoire, his arms folded, his eyes bent upon the ground. He did not stir, or look up at his daughter's entrance, nor even when she came close to him and laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

She stood for a few moments in silence, waiting for him to take some notice of her; but he sat like a statue, and never lifted his eyes from the ground.

"Dear father," she began, in a low and tender voice, as she would have spoken to him had he been lying ill at death's door, "I was obliged to come to you. I could not bear to think of you alone and unhappy. Dearest, it is a heavy affliction that has fallen upon us, but no heavier than we can bear. Father," sinking on her knees beside his chair, and putting her arms round him, "if your guilt is deep, I am guilty too. I sinned grievously when I gave you his letter. I suffered my evil passion to get the better of me. My heart was full of hatred and rancor. Let us repent, and seek for mercy together. We both have sinned."

"The letter," muttered Joshua, with a bitter laugh, "the letter was not so much. I saw him hold her in his arms and kiss her—saw her yield herself up to a love that was stronger than honor, or duty, or her love to God—saw her folded to his heart under Heaven's all-seeing eye."

"It was my fault, father. But for that letter you would never have known of that last meeting. It was but a stolen farewell, and they both meant to do their duty. They were so young, and had erred for want of thoughts."

"They were thoughtful enough to plan secret meetings—thoughtful enough to deceive me. And I believed her purest among women—free from all taint of sin. Do not speak of her—or of him. They sinned, and have reaped the fruit of sin. 'The wages of sin is death.'"

"Father, we have sinned grievously, you and I! and we can have no hope of mercy unless we repent," said Naomi, horrified at Joshua's harshness of tone, which implied an unconsciousness of the weight and measure of his crime.

"My life has been one long atonement. I have labored always in the work of salvation."

"But by one sinful act all might be undone—in one dark hour the labor of a lifetime might be lost," urged Naomi.

Her father made no answer.

"Dearest, will you not kneel and pray with me?" she pleaded. "Will you not help me to lift this burden from my soul? I am weary with the weight of my sin. I loved him, and yet betrayed him to you. Oh, it was the act of a Judas! *He* must have loved his Master. It was jealousy that made him a traitor. Father, if you cannot be sorry for your sin, be sorry for mine."

In vain; the brooding eyes were never lifted from the ground. Naomi looked up into the rigid face. Yes, there was an expression there as of light quenched, at least a temporary aberration. He was not listening, he was not following her.

He sat for some time thus, Naomi still kneeling by him, and watching him, but in silence. Then he stretched out his hand to the open Bible that lay upon his desk, and began to read.

"Leave me, my dear," he said, "I am better alone."

"I would so much rather stay with you, dear father. I will not disturb you."

"Go, dear, I wish to be alone. I have to command my thoughts. It will be time for chapel presently."

"I will go, then, dear father. But, while we are alone, let me say one thing."

"I am listening."

She put her arms round his neck, and rested her head on his shoulder.

"You know how I loved Oswald, father, to the last, even after his heart had gone away from me. But I told you then, as I tell you now, you were always first and dearest, always the object of my highest reverence and love. That could never change in me. No act of yours could lessen my love, no affliction Heaven could bring upon you could lower you in my esteem. Remember that always, father. Come what may, I am your loving daughter to the end!"

With this assurance she left him, a little more at peace with herself for having thus spoken.

The afternoon service was gone through very quietly. Joshua had a subdued and weary air, as if worn out by the effort of the morning. The congregation was less alert and exalted in their piety, as was natural in people who had dined heavily, and given way to fleshly snares in the shape of too substantial pastry. Even the hymns had a slumbering tone, and acted as lullabies upon some elder members of the flock whose feeble knees were an excuse for a sitting posture.

After service, Joshua taught for half an hour in his school, and said a few earnest words to the young men of his adult night-school, a class in which he had taken a special interest. They were very touching words, and well remembered afterward.

Joshua was absent from the tea-table, as he had been from the dinner-table. His headache was worse, he told his sister, and he was going to lie down. Naomi had an evening Scripture class to attend after tea, a task that would occupy her for about an hour. She went to this duty at half-past six o'clock, while Judith enjoyed the one Sabbath luxury which she permitted herself, a half-hour's nap in the chintz-covered arm-chair by the best-parlor windows, screened from the gaze of passing pedestrians, going by at the rate of one in ten minutes, by the graceful droop of the well-starched curtains.

Joshua was alone, sitting by the escritoire, as he had sat when Naomi went to him in the afternoon. He had locked the door, determined to be free from all intrusion—free even from his daughter's pitying love. He wanted nothing between him and that awful solitude in which he had lived of late—the isolation which a mind unhinged makes for itself.

He sat thus till the twilight thickened, and the pages of his open Bible grew dim. Even in the troubled state of his brain—a trouble which had been growing for months—that book was his rock of defense, his sheet-anchor. He looked into those pages for justification, for assurance of grace and redemption, and he seldom looked in vain. If he had sinned, had not David sinned also, and yet retained his exalted place in the love of God and men? Was he to humble himself more than David humbled himself? Had David ever ceased to be king and priest and teacher, chief and supreme among the people? If *he* had fallen, had not Peter also fallen, and yet received that divine commission which gave him charge of Christ's flock?

"I will preach the Gospel, and teach men while I have breath," protested Joshua, laying his hand upon the sacred book. "What have the burdens on my conscience to do with my teaching? What does it matter that I know myself a sinner, if I can expound the word of God? He has given me a gift, and I will use it—to the uttermost and to the last. If this is to be a hypocrite, my hypocrisy shall go with me to my grave."

This was the summing-up of his position in one of his calmer moods; but his mind was not always so clear, or his views so fixed and resolute. There were moments to-night, as he sat in the summer dusk while the shadows grew and deepened in the lonely, old-fashioned room, grotesque shadows of familiar things which he had known from childhood—there were intervals in which his brain grew clouded, the past and present were alike dim and distorted. His thoughts flashed far and wide, like the erratic gleams of a lantern—now alighting upon some picture of the past, now plunging into the dark gulf of the future. He saw himself as he had been at the outset of his laborious career—eager for self-sacrifice, careless of all worldly loss, sustained by an enthusiast's exaggerated hopes, and an enthusiast's indifference to suffering. He had labored, and had been plenteously rewarded. He had been a wandering light, shining in dark places and forgotten corners of the earth, and had brought many lost sheep home to the fold. Then his father had died, and he had been called back to his native place, to find that, after all, he had lost nothing of earthly gain by his constancy; for, despite the old man's threatenings, he had left all to his only son.

This day of inheritance Joshua felt to have been in some measure a time of temptation and falling away. He had turned aside from the desert and desolate places, to dwell in a land of fatness. He had been content to serve a few instead of serving many. He had sat down under his vine and fig-tree, and taught one little flock, instead of wandering from village to village seeking those whom the church had forgotten, or cared for with a luke-warm love. True that he had labored hard for his flock, walked many miles, stretched his cure of souls to its utmost limits, taught the young, brought the light of education, both spiritual and secular, into many dark places; but he had from this time ceased to be a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth, a disciple who has given up all things for his master.

Then came his prosperous first marriage, the birth of his children; new ties that bound him to the old house.

How strange and remote those early years seemed, as the fitful light of memory shone upon them!

The picture changed. Those peaceful, monotonous days were past. He was standing on the Cornish common in the pure sunshine, the great Atlantic glittering in the distance, the sandy knolls and hollows all ablaze with yellow furze, the subtle scent of that golden blossom in the air—standing on the threshold of a new life. Never, after that hour, was he to be the same man, independent of all human influence. Henceforth he was to be chained to humanity by mankind's most pitiful weakness—an unreasoning love for a weak fellow-creature.

"I verily believe I loved her from that first day," he thought. "Her image never left me. She was always before me, sitting in the sunlight, with her drooping hair like pale gold. Can I doubt that Satan set her there for my entanglement and ruin? 'His heart shall be heavy for her sake, he shall be so troubled that he shall grow dumb,' said the fiend. But I have cheated him of his prey. He has had my heart, and bruised and broken it; but he has not questioned my spirit, he has not silenced me. I have borne my burden, and continued to teach and exhort, and will so continue to the end. No snare of the arch-tempter hiding behind a fair face shall destroy me."

Then followed a moment of relenting.

"She seemed so innocent, so pure. She was so gentle and obedient, and owned so meekly that she had been tempted, and had sinned in harkening for a little while to the tempter. O God, there could be no vileness in the soul that looked up at me from those gentle eyes! And I thrust her from me with violence and contumely, and sent her back to servitude and dependence. My wedded wife, the one creature I have loved most on earth!" He clasped his hands, and looked upward in exaltation of mind.

"Surely that was an atonement for my weakness. Surely that was a sacrifice which Heaven must approve. And yet I have known no peace of mind since that day. Heaven has given me no token of approval or forgiveness."

That intense egotism which is one of the characteristics of a mind off its balance had taken possession of him. He stood face to face with his Creator, and felt himself worthy to be saved.

His daughter knocked at the door presently, and asked him if he would not have a light.

"No," he answered; "my soul can hold communion with God in the darkness. I am alone, as Elijah was upon the mountain, waiting for the voice of the Lord."

It was after midnight when he laid himself upon his bed, wearied with meditations in which his brain had been hyperactive. Tired as he was with the long day and its double service, the long evening and its protracted thoughtfulness, he could not easily sleep; and when, at last, his weary eyelids closed, his slumber was more like a trance than a sleep.

He saw his wife's face looking up to him as she had looked that last day in the lane, pleadingly, piteously, full of grief and love. He saw it more vividly than faces are seen in dreams—saw it close to him as he lay upon his pillow, and was dimly conscious of lying there, and the hour of the night, and that this face was looking at him from afar off, though it seemed so near that he could have stretched out his hand and touched it.

Then came a voice that thrilled him—

"Joshua, Joshua, come to me!"

He was awake and on his feet in an instant. It seemed to him that waking ears had heard that voice—that it was something more than a part of his dream. He stood listening for some moments, half expecting to hear the cry repeated, and his wife's hand upon his door.

He went to the door and opened it, and looked out upon the landing, faintly lighted by the stars.

No; the place was empty; the lower part of the house was dark and silent. Nothing had happened. It was only a dream.

"But it is a dream sent by Heaven," he said. "I will harken to it and go. Yes, my love, I forgive you; I am coming to you. I bring you pardon and love."

He struck a light from the old tinder-box, lighted his candle, and began to dress himself hurriedly. He had looked at his watch on first rising, wondering to find so little of the night was gone. It was twenty minutes past one o'clock.

Joshua took his watch from under his pillow, lifted the glass and laid his finger on the hands and stopped them. Only once before in his life had he ever done the thing, and that occasion was the moment of his conversion, the instant in which the divine assurance of his election and calling had been breathed into his soul. At that blessed moment he had stopped his watch, that it might forever record that one hallowed hour. It was the watch he had used as a young man, and was still in his desk; he had never carried it afterwards, and had endured no small inconvenience for the want of it till his father's fine old time-keeper had descended to him as a part of his inheritance.

Is was a curious fancy which moved him to do the same thing to-night. He could have given no reason for the impulse; but he obeyed it blindly, and the loud ticking of the watch grew still at twenty minutes past one.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## MORAL INFLUENCE.

The influence of a good example is far-reaching; for our experience and conflicts with the world lead us at times to indulge misanthropic sentiments, and charge all men with selfish and impure motives. The play of pride, prejudice, and passion, and the eagerness manifested by the great majority of men to advance their own interests, often at the expense of others, and in violation of the golden rule, cause us to look with suspicion on the best intents of others. Arrogance, hypocrisy, treachery, and violence, every day outrage justice, till we are almost disposed to distrust human nature, and become discouraged. But amid all that is sad and disheartening in this busy, noisy world, now and then there is presented to us a life of such uniform virtue, that we recognize it in a character that brings hope for the perfect development and ultimate regeneration of our race. Such characters are precious, and such examples should be held up to the world for its admiration and imitation; they should be snatched from oblivion and treasured in the hearts and thoughts of all who are in process of forming habits and maturing character.

## NEWS NOTES.

OVER two hundred and eighty-six newspapers are published in New York.

THE shop girls of Boston number nearly one-tenth of the entire population of the city.

A COMPANY with a capital of $1,000,000 has been formed in New York for the purpose of introducing four-wheeled one horse cabs at the rate of fifty cents an hour or for a trip not exceeding an hour.

THE medical examiner of a prominent English life insurance company says he has to turn away three-fourths of his applicants who excel in athletic exercises, because they have dangerously strained the organs of the heart.

THE defences of London on the Thames are fast approaching completion. The new works and extensions of old ones which have been effected within the last few years have added materially to the protection of the Thames.

A LEADING Russian journal says that the Russian land army can now be brought up to 2,500,000 men, without counting the national militia. This is undoubtedly straining a point in the present status of the Eastern Question.

THE mine of barytes recently discovered in Fulton County in this State, is said to prove of great value. Mining operations have already been commenced, and is estimated that over $2,000,000 worth of the mineral is accessible. It is used to mix with other materials, especially to adulterate white lead for painting.

THE large structure erected by the Grangers at Elm Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, three miles from the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia, for the accommodation of the order during the Exhibition, was destroyed by fire on the night of Nov. 17th. It was a frame building 450x500 feet, partly two stories high, with accommodations for two thousand guests. The cost, including furnishing, was about $80,000; part of the loss was covered by insurance.

A YOUNG woman has just established a real estate agency in Chicago, and cleared $500 in the first month, says the *New Century*. "On the same street is the office of Miss Ellen Culver, for eight years the Chicago manager of the large real estate business done by the Baltimore millionaire, Mr. Hull. Miss Culver has 300 tenants in charge and collects rents as successfully as if she used the chest tone instead of the 'sweet, low voice, that excellent thing in woman.'"

A DESPATCH from Calcutta says three large islands, namely, Hattich, Sundeep and Dakhin Shahebazpore, and numerous smaller islands, included in the Backergunge, Nookhally and Chittagong districts, were entirely submerged by the storm wave of October 31, as was also the mainland for five or six miles inland. These islands are all situated in or near the estuary of the river Meena. The largest, Dakhin Shahebazpore, was 800 square miles in extent. It had a population of 240,000. Hattich and Sundeep together had about 100,000 population. The wave swept over the country in the night, in many places to the depth of twenty feet. Wherever the storm wave passed, it is believed, not a third of the population survived. The islands have barely one-fourth of their former inhabitants.

GRAPES are now shipped to Eastern markets from California, arriving here in good condition and affording a good profit to the shippers. The cars on which they are sent are in the main like ordinary freight cars. They are lined with thick paper, the paper upon the floor being albumenized—the object being to make the car as nearly airtight as possible. At the front of the car is a compartment which holds a ton of ice; and a fan, revolving 1,800 times a minute, is attached to the axle, and so arranged that air is forced over the ice and through a metallic cylinder some eight or ten inches in diameter, which extends the entire length of the car, and which is perforated with numerous holes, to allow the cold air to escape and permeate through the car. At the top of the ice compartment there is an open space for the air to escape, as it becomes warm. The grapes are packed in twenty-pound boxes, the car being completely filled. A car holds ten tons of grapes.

A LARGE number of prominent citizens met in the Philadelphia Common Council chamber Saturday last, to form a stock company to purchase the Main Building as a place for a permanent international exhibition. Hon. Morton McMichael was the president, and George W. Allen acted as secretary. Mr. McMichael stated that the object of the meeting was to perpetuate the grandest exhibition of the arts and sciences the world has ever known. Mr. Clement M. Biddle said the question was now reduced to one of dollars and cents. Mr. Henry M. Pettit predicted the success of the proposed exhibition provided sufficient funds were raised, and said that 950 applications for space had been already received. Mr. Biddle again took the floor and said that enough applications had already been received to assure that the building would be entirely full. Nearly all the foreign departments would be full, and the life and manners of the people of all nations would be represented. In answer to a question from Mr. Grubb, Mr. Biddle explained that the proposed exhibition would not be a bazaar. Colonel Forney made a patriotic appeal for the movement, after which the charter of the proposed association was explained. It is to be known as the International Exhibition Company, with a capital of $600,000, to be divided into $6,000 shares of $100 each. The subscriptions are to be received as follows:

1. Payable in cash as called for by a board of directors to be appointed by the stockholders.
2. Payable by transfer of the stock of the Centennial Board of Finance, the stock of the International Exhibition Company being issued at par for the actual cash that may be realized.

Then there was proposed a maintenance fund, to be made of subscriptions in cash or in stock of the Centennial Board of Finance, cash subscribers being entitled to a season ticket for the year 1877, for each $10 contributed, and the other contributors to one season ticket for 1877 for every two shares, or to twenty single tickets for admission for each share.

The amount needed was $750,000 in cash, as may be asked for from time to time, and the remainder in stock.

After the reading of the above, the following resolutions were adopted:

*Resolved*, That the citizens of Philadelphia, here assembled in town meeting, heartily approve of the organization of a permanent Exhibition at Philadelphia; that the basis of organization be that proposed by the committee, subject to such changes as may seem best to the Board of Directors; that a committee of five be appointed to nominate a board of twelve directors to serve for the ensuing year.

During the meeting $91,100 was subscribed in cash to the stock of the proposed association, and $40,900 in Centennial stock. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company communicated its desire to subscribe its Centennial stock, amounting to $250,000. The Reading Railroad subscribed its stock too, amounting to $114,000; also, the Lehigh Valley, to the amount of $25,000. The North Pennsylvania and Baltimore roads desired likewise to hand over their stock.

## REVIEWS.

FRANK IN THE FORECASTLE, by Harry Castleman. One of the Frank Nelson series, deservedly a favorite with wide-awake lads. It is written in sprightly style, its incidents not too improbable, but varied enough to hold the attention. Its tone is pure, and it gives pleasant incitement to integrity and gallant action. (Porter & Coates.)

ELBOW ROOM, by Max. Adler. The writer, a professed humorist, is somewhat widely known by frequent contributions to the newspaper press. He has worked faithfully to produce a funny book, but while some of the efforts will cause a laugh, there is too little spontaneity, and the style is too labored to give it a place in the first rank of humorous works. (J. M. Stoddart & Co.)

DAVID AND ANNA MATSON, by Abigail Scott Duniway, editor of the Weekly Northwest, in Oregon. A poem modeled on the well known legend of Enoch Arden. The story is well told in smooth verse, not of the high poetic order, but in the plain, quiet style which will be pleasing to a large class of readers. The descriptions are life like, and some of the incidents show much dramatic power. (S. R. Wells & Co.)

THE BOY EMIGRANTS, by Noah Brooks, gives the adventures of a party of lads old enough to make a start in life for themselves, who were caught by the gold fever, in its early days, and who made the overland journey to California long before the Pacific Railroad was thought of. The story has given delight to thousands of the leaders of the St. Nicholas Magazine, where it was published as a serial, and will be welcomed in book form by the juvenile community. (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.)

## PERSONAL.

CALEB CUSHING, United States minister to Spain, has sailed for Europe.

MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD is described by a paragrapher as "a large-minded little person, with beautiful eyes, a sweet voice, and most refined and womanly manners."

DR. SCHLIEMANN has been officially invited by the Turkish Government to accompany the Emperor of Brazil to Ilium. He will resume his diggings at Hissarlik in March, having received ample powers from the Grand Vizier.

MR. OSCANYAN, long known to New Yorkers as a lecturer upon Oriental subjects, and as late Consul General of Turkey in New York, is to have a seat in the new Senate about to be formed by the Turkish government as one of the representatives of the Americans, who are to have ten members in that body.

JOSEPH SMITH, JR., son of the founder of the Mormon Church, is preaching in California. He denies the headship of Brigham Young. He says that he has from 12,000 to 15,000 personal followers, and that the headquarters of the Reformed Church are at Plano, Illinois. He repudiates polygamy, and also "blood atonement."

DOM PEDRO, during his sojourn in Constantinople, surprised all with whom he came in contact by his habits of economy, giving the inhabitants of the Eastern capital a new notion of the ways and means of Western Emperors. He expected to meet Dr. Schliemann in the Dardanelles, and with him proceed to the scene of the Doctor's excavations in Asia Minor.

MR. SPURGEON'S sermons he prepares for by severe study. His omnivorous and apparently purposeless reading is pursued with two clearly-defined objects—the "sweetening" of the mind by the introduction of new matter and the collection of novel and striking illustrations. Thus he has always a good stock-in-trade to bring to bear upon any text he may select; but it is nevertheless certain that the fluent discourse rolled out in magnificent tones, without halting or faltering, or, as Latimer has it, "humbling or mumbling," has all been previously well thought out.

MR. GEORGE HENRY LEWES, the husband of "George Eliot," is a man of rather small stature, whose face gives no clear indication of the mental power he unquestionably possesses. His health is infirm, and he looks older than he is. He has always been a hard student, and a resident of London or other large capitals. His manner differs markedly from that of most Englishmen. In his own set he abounds in geniality and *bonhomie*. He is fond of epigram and paradox, and, being a close observer, his narration of men and things is extremely entertaining. He has the reputation of being one of the most brilliant conversationalists in London, though, like most clever talkers, he is prone to monopoly and monologue. Mr. and Mrs. Lewes live in a suburb of London, and their home is represented as being one of the happiest, the similarity of their pursuits and their ambitions being an additional bond of unity.

## LITERARY.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY is writing a historical novel.

MISS A. B. Edwards is busy on a new book, "A Year in Western France," including Breton recollections.

The Boston Public Library has now reached 235,000 volumes, besides 63,500 in its seven suburban branches.

PROFESSOR WESTWOOD is preparing "Lapidarium Walliæ: the Early Inscribed and Sculptured Stones of Wales."

PROFESSOR MAYHAFFY has written an interesting book on his recent travels in Greece, which will be out this autumn.

W. AND R. Chambers have in preparation an "Elementary Manual of Animal Physiology," by Dr. John G. McKendrick.

S. B. RUGGLES, of New York, is preparing a "History of Gold and Silver in Civilized Countries," which will be brought down to the present year.

FARJEON'S Christmas story, to be published as usual, by the Tinsleys, of London, will be illustrated by Mr. Furniss, a clever young English artist who is rising to fame.

A NEW weekly journal, devoted to social philosophy and science, and entitled *The Thinker*, appeared in New York in October, under the auspices of Mr. C. P. Somerby.

THAT versatile writer, Charles G. Leland, has a Christmas story in Macmillan's press entitled "Johnnikin and the Goblins," which is a fairy tale, illustrated with pen drawings by the author.

THE British Literary Museum expended, in 1874, $49,980 on printed books, and $15,370 on manuscripts. In 1875 the purchases of printed books amounted to $51,005, and of manuscripts to $14,740.

MRS. JANET R. CHASE HOYT, younger daughter of the late Chief Justice Chase, is the author of the little book in French for children, "Janet et Ses Amis," recently published by D. Appleton & Co.

THE leading interest of the times is the art revival in its application to household furniture and decorations. Two new books in this field are in Macmillan's press, "A plea for Art in the Household," by Rev. W. J. Loftie; and "A Practical Treatise on House Decoration," by Miss Garrett.

MR. BANCROFT is again at his studies in Washington, making diligent use of the library of Congress, in addition to his own rich collection of books. He will give this coming winter to the completion of his volumes upon the history of the United States from the peace of 1782 to the inauguration of Washington in 1789—a period full of interest, and requiring careful research, discriminating judgment, and peculiar powers of portraiture. Mr. Bancroft is now seventy-six years old.

THE famous Bay Psalm-Book sold in Boston last week for $1,025 to Sydney S. Ryder, a bookseller of Providence, R. I., was originally the property of the Rev. Father Mather, and given by him to Thomas Prince, who bequeathed it to the Old South Church in 1758. From that body it passed into the possession of the late Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff in 1860, by whose executors it is now sold. The book was the first printed in America, and bears date Cambridge, 1640.

WEAK LUNGS ARE STRENGTHENED, and Pleurisy Pains promptly relieved, by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

## THE FLOWN BIRD—A JAPANESE SONG.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

The maple leaves are whirled away,
  The depths of the great pines are stirred:
Night settles on the sullen day,
  As in its nest the mountain bird.
My wandering feet go up and down,
And back and forth, from town to town,
Through the lone woods, and by the sea,
To find the bird that fled from me;
I followed, and I follow yet—
I have forgotten to forget!

My heart goes back, but I go on,
  Through summer heat and winter snow;
Poor heart! we are no longer one,
  We are divided by our woe!
Go to the nest I built, and call—
She may be hiding, after all—
The empty nest, if that remains,
And leave me in the long, long rains;
My sleeves with tears are always wet—
I have forgotten to forget!

Men know my story, but not me—
  For such fidelity, they say,
Exists not—such a man as he
  Exists not in the world to-day!
If his light bird has flown the nest,
She is no worse than all the rest;
Constant they are not—only good
To bill and coo, and hatch the brood:
He has but one thing to regret—
He has forgotten to forget!

All day I see the ravens fly,
  I hear the sea-birds' scream all night!
The moon goes up and down the sky,
  And the sun comes in ghostly light:
Leaves whirl, white flakes about me blow—
Are they spring blossoms, or the snow?
Only my hair! Good by, my heart,
The time has come for us to part;
Be still! you will be happy yet—
For death remembers to forget!

# EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[This story was commenced in No. 12, Vol 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE WEDDING.

"Papa, will you come to breakfast?—Oh dear! what is the matter?"

Edina might well ask. She had opened the door of the small consulting-room as the clock was chiming eight—the knell of Frank Raynor's bachelorhood—to tell her father that the meal was waiting, when she saw not only the hearth and the hearth-rug, but the Doctor himself enveloped in a cloud of soot, looking as black as Erebus.

"I said yesterday the chimney wanted sweeping, Edina."

"Yes, papa, and it was going to be done next week. Have you been burning more paper in the chimney?"

"Only just a letter; but the wind took it and carried it up. Well, this is a pretty pickle!"

"The room shall be done to-day, papa. It will be all right and ready for you again by night."

Dr. Raynor took off his coat and shook it, and then went up to his room to get the soot out of his whiskers. The fact was, seeing the letter, to which he had set light with a match, go roaring up the chimney, he stooped hastily to try to get it back again, remembering what a recent blazing had done; when at that moment down came a shower of soot.

As he was descending the stairs again, the front door was opened with a burst and a bang (there are no words so fit to express the mad way in which excited messengers did enter), and told the Doctor that he was wanted, there and then, by somebody who was much ill and appeared to be dying. Drinking a cup of coffee standing, and eating a crust as he went, the Doctor followed the messenger. It had all passed so rapidly that Edina had not yet commenced her own breakfast.

"Hester," she said, calling rapidly to the servant maid, "papa has had to go out, and Mr. Frank is not yet in. You shall keep the coffee warm, and I will run to Mrs. Trim and see if she can come to-day. We must breakfast later this morning."

Edina hastily put on her bonnet and mantle, and went down the street towards the churchyard. The entrance to the church was at the other end, facing the open country, the parsonage was also; on this side, near to her, stood the clerk's house. She could go round to it without crossing the graveyard; and did so. Trying the door, she found it fastened—which was rather unusual at that hour of the morning. It was nothing for the door to be fastened later, when the clerk and his wife were alike abroad; the one on matters connected with his post, the other doing errands in the village, or perhaps at some house, helping to clean. Edina gave a good sharp knock with the handle of her umbrella, which she had brought with her; for dark clouds, threatening rain, were coursing fiercely about the sky. But the knock brought forth no response.

"Now I do hope she is not out at work to-day!" ejaculated Edina, referring to Mrs. Trim. "The sweep *must* come to the room; and Hester cannot well clean up after him herself with all her other work. There's the ironing about. If she has to do the cleaning to-day, I must do that."

Another knock brought forth the same result—nothing. Edina turned round to face the churchyard, and stood to think. The goat was browsing on the green patch close by.

"If I could find Trim, he would tell me at once whether she's away at work or not. She may have only run out on an errand. It is curious he should be out; this is their breakfast time."

All in a moment, as she stood there in indecision, an idea struck Edina, Mrs. Trim was no doubt dusting the church. She generally did it on Saturday, and this was Thursday; but, as Edina knew, if the woman was likely to be occupied on the Saturday, she took an earlier day for the duty.

Lightly crossing the stile, Edina went through the churchyard and round the church to the entrance porch. Her quick eyes saw that, though apparently shut, the door was not latched; and she pushed it open.

"Yes, of course; Mary Trim expects to be otherwise busy to-morrow and Saturday, and is doing the dusting to-day," spoke Edina to herself, deeming the appearance conclusive. Well, she will have to make haste here, and come to us as soon as she can."

But it was no Mrs. Trim with her gown turned up about her waist, a round apron on, and a huge black bonnet perched forward on her head—for that was her usual church-cleaning costume—that Edina saw as she went gently through the inner green baize door. A very different sight met her eyes; a soft murmur of reading broke upon her ears. The church was not large, as compared with some churches, though of fairly good size for a country parish; and she seemed to come direct upon the solemn scene that was being enacted. At the other end, before the altar, stood, side by side, Frank and Margaret St. Clare; facing them was the new clergyman, Mr. Backup, book in hand.

Edina was extremely practical; but at first she could really not believe her eyesight. She stood perfectly motionless, gazing at them like one in a trance. They did not see her; and Mr. Backup's eyes were fixed on his book—which, by the way, seemed to tremble a little in his hands, as though he were being married himself. Coming to a momentary pause, he went on again in a raised voice; and the words fell thrillingly on the ear of Edina.

"I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment, why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it. For be ye well assured, that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow are not joined together by God; neither is their matrimony lawful."

The words, word by word, fell not only on Edina's ear; they touched her soul. Oh, was there no impediment? Ought these two silly people, wedding one another in this stolen fashion, and in defiance of parental authority—ought they to stand silent under this solemn exhortation, letting it appear that there was none? Surely this deceit ought, of itself, to constitute grave impediment! Just for the moment it crossed Edina's mind to stand forward, and beg them to reflect, to reflect well, ere this ceremony went on to the end. But she remembered how unfitting it would be; she knew that she possessed no manner of right to interfere with either the one or the other.

Drawing softly back within the door, she let it close again without noise, and made her way out of the churchyard. It appeared evident that neither the clerk nor his wife was in the church; and, if they had been, Edina would not have attempted to speak to them.

Like one in a dream, went she, up the street again towards home. The clouds had become darker, and seemed to chase each other more swiftly and wildly. But Edina no longer heeded the wind or the weather. They might, in conjunction with burning paper, send the soot down every chimney in the house, for all the moment it was to her just now. She was deeply plunged in a most unpleasant reverie. A reverie which was showing her many future complications for Frank Raynor.

"Good morning, Miss Edina! You be abroad early, ma'am."

The voice was Mrs. Trim's; the black bonnet, going down with the rest of her in a curtsey, was hers also. She carried a small brown jug in her hand, and had met Edina close to the Doctor's house. Edina came out of her dream.

"I have been to see after you, Mrs. Trim, and could not get in. The door was locked."

"Dear now, and I be sorry, Miss Edina! I just went to carry a drop o' coffee and a morsel of hot toast to poor Granny Sandon; who've got nobody much to look after her since Rosaline Bell left. So I just locked the door, and brought the key away with me, as much to keep the nannygoat out as for safety. She've got a way of loosing herself, Miss Edina, clever as I thinks I ties her, and of coming into the house; and they goats butts and bites at things, and does no end o' mischief."

"Your husband is out, then?"

"He've gone off somewhere by rail, Miss Edina. I couldn't get out of him where, though, nor what it were for. They men be closer than wax when they want to keep things from ye; and Trim, he be always close. It strikes me, though, he be went somewhere for Mr. Raynor."

"Why do you think that?" cried Edina, quickly.

"Well, I be sure o' one thing, Miss Edina—that Trim had no thought o' going off anywhere when I come home last evening from Pendon; for after we had had a word or two about his not seeing to the goat, he said he was going to do our garden up today; which wouldn't be afore it wants it. Mr. Frank, he come in then, and was talking to Trim in the kitchen, they two together; and, agoing to bed, Trim asks for a clean check shirt, and said he was a-starting out in the morning on business. And, sure enough, he have went, Miss Edina, and I found out as he've went by one o' they trains."

Edina said no more. She marshalled the talkative woman indoors to look at the state of the Doctor's room, and to tell her it must be cleaned that day. Mrs. Trim took off her shawl there and then, and began to get ready for the work.

The Doctor had returned, and Hester was carrying the breakfast in. Edina took her place at the table, and poured out her father's coffee.

"Is Frank not in yet?" he asked, as she handed it to him.

"Not yet, papa."

"Why, where can he be? He had only Williamson to see."

Edina did not answer. She appeared to be intent on her plate. Fresh and fair and good she looked this morning, in her new gingham dress, purple spots on a cream-colored ground; but she seemed to be lost in thought. The Doctor observed it.

"You are troubling yourself about that mess in my study, child!"

"Oh, no, indeed I am not, papa. Mary Trim is here."

"Are you sure Frank's not in the surgery, Edina?" said Dr. Raynor again presently.

Knowing where Frank was, and the monotonous ceremony he was taking part in—though by that time it had probably come to an end—Edina might with safety assure the Doctor that he was not in the surgery. Dr. Raynor let the subject drop; Frank had been called in to some fresh patient, he supposed, on his way home from Williamson's; and Edina, perhaps dreading to be further questioned, speedily ended her breakfast, and went to look after Mrs. Trim and the household matters.

When the Reverend Mr. Backup awoke from his slumbers that morning, the unpleasant thought flashed on his mind that he had a marriage ceremony to perform. Looking at his watch, he found it to be half-past seven, and up he started in a flurry Having lain awake half the night, he had overslept himself.

"Has the clerk been here for the key of the church, Betsey?" he called out to the old servant, just before he went out.

"No, sir."

It wanted only about eight minutes to eight then. Mr. Backup, feeling somewhat surprised, for he had found Clerk Trim particularly attentive to his duties, walked along the passage to the kitchen, and took the church key from the nail where it was kept. Opening the church himself, he then went round to the clerk's house, and found it locked up.

Quite a hot tremor seized him. *Without* the clerk and his experience, it would be next-door to impossible for him to get through the service, alone, he might break down. He should not know where to place the couple; or when to tell them to kneel down, when to stand up; or when the ring came in, or anything.

Where *was* the clerk? Could he have made some mistake as to the time fixed? However, it wanted yet some minutes to eight. Crossing the churchyard, he entered the church, put on his surplice, fetched the prayer-book into the vestry, and began studying the marriage service as therein written.

Frank Raynor came up to the church a minute after the clergyman entered it, and waited in the porch, looking out for his intended bride. Eight o'clock struck; and she had promised to be there before it. Why did she not come? Was her courage failing her? Did the black clouds, which were gathering overhead, appall her? Had Mrs. St. Clare discovered all, and was preventing her? Frank thought it must be one or the other of these calamities.

There he stood, within the shelter of the porch, glancing out at the right and to the left. He could not go to meet her because he did not know which way she would come; whether by the sheltered road-way, or across the Bare Plain. That was one of the minor matters they had forgotten to settle between themselves.

As Frank was gazing this way and that, and getting into as much of a flurry as was possible for one of his easy temperament to get, soft, hasty steps were heard approaching; and Margaret, nervous, panting, agitated, fell into his arms.

"My darling! I thought you must be lost."

"I could not get away before, Frank. Of all mornings, Lydia must needs choose this to send Tabitha to my room for some books from the shelves. Now, these did not do; then, the others did not do; the woman did nothing but run in and out. And the servants were about the passages; and oh, I thought I should never get away!"

A moment given to soothe her, to still her beating heart, and they entered the church together. Margaret threw off the thin cloak she had worn over her pretty morning dress of white-and-peach sprigged muslin, almost as delicate as white. She went up the church, flushing and paling, on Frank's arm; Mr. Backup came out of the vestry to meet them. In a few flowing and plausible words, Frank explained that it was himself who required the Parson's services, handed him the license, and begged him to get the service over as soon as possible.

"The clerk is not here," answered the bewildered man.

"Oh, never mind him," said Frank. "We don't want him."

An older and less timid clergyman might have said, I cannot marry you under these circumstances; all Mr. Backup thought of was the getting through his own part in it. It certainly did strike him as being altogether very strange; the question even crossed him whether he was doing right and legally; but the license was in due form, and in his inexperience and his nervousness he did not make inquiries, or raise objections. When he came to the question, Who giveth this Woman to be married to this Man, and there was no response, nobody indeed to respond, he visibly hesitated: but he did not dare to refuse to go on with the service. Such an assumption of authority was utterly beyond the Reverend Mr. Backup. He supposed that the clerk was to have acted: but the clerk, from some inexplicable cause, was not present. Perhaps he had mistaken the hour. So the service proceeded to its close, and Francis Raynor and Margaret St. Clare were made man and wife.

They proceeded to the vestry; the clergyman leading the way, Frank leading his bride, her arm within his, the ring that bound her to him encircling his finger. After a hunt for the register book, for he did not know where it was kept, Mr. Backup found it, and entered the record of the marriage. Frank affixed his signature, Margaret hers; and then the young clergyman seemed at a stand-still, looking about him helplessly.

"I—ah—there are no witnesses to the marriage," said he. "It is customary ——"

"We must do without them in this case," interrupted Frank, as he laid a fee of five guineas quietly down. "It does not require witnesses to make it legal."

"Well—no—I—I conclude not," hesitated the clergyman, blushing as he glanced at the gold and silver, and thinking how greatly too much it was, and how rich this Mr. Raynor must be.

"And will you do me and my wife a good turn, Mr. Backup," said Frank, ingenuously, as he clasped the clergyman's hand, and an irresistible smile of entreaty shone on his attractive face. "*Keep it secret.* I may tell you, now it is done and over, that nobody knows of this marriage. It is, in fact, a stolen one; and just at present we do not wish it to be disclosed. We have our reasons. In a very short while, it will be openly avowed; but until then, we should be glad for it not to be spoken of. I know we may depend upon your kindness."

Leaving the bewildered parson to digest the information, to put off his surplice and to lock up the register book, Frank escorted his bride down the aisle. When she stopped to take up her cloak and parasol, he, knowing there were no lookers-on, save the ancient and empty pews, folded her in his arms and kissed her fervently.

"Oh Frank! Please!—don't!—we are in church, remember." And there, with an agitation and nervous fear, the bride burst into a fit of hysterical tears.

"Daisy! For goodness sake!—not here. Compose yourself, my love. Oh, pray don't sob like that!"

A moment or two, and she was tolerably calm again. No wonder she had given way. She had literally shaken from head to foot all through the service. A dread of its being interrupted, a nervous terror at what she was doing, held possession of her. Now that it was over, she saw she had done wrong, and wished it undone. Just like all the rest of us! We do wrong first, and bewail it afterwards.

"You remain in here, please Frank; let me go out alone," she said, a sob catching her breath. "It would not do, you know, for us to go out together, lest we might be seen. Good-bye," she added, timidly holding up her hand.

They were between the green baize door now and the outer one. Frank knew as well as she did that it would be imprudent to leave the church together. He took her hand and herself once more to him, and kissed her fifty times.

"God bless and keep you, my darling! I wish I could see you safely home."

Daisy's suggestion, a night or two ago, of their leaving the church by different doors, had to turn out but a pleasant fiction, since the church possessed but one door. She lightly glided through it when Frank released her, and went towards home by way of the shady road, her veil drawn over her face, her steps fleet. He remained where he was, not showing himself, until she should be at a safe distance.

"If I can but get in without being seen!" thought poor Daisy, her heart beating as she sped along. "Mamma and Lydia will not be downstairs yet, I know; and all may pass over happily. What a high wind it is!"

The wind was high indeed, carrying Daisy nearly off her feet. It took her cloak and whirled it over her head in the air. As ill-luck had it, terrible ill-luck Daisy thought, who should meet her at that moment but the Trennach dressmaker. She had been to the Mount to try dresses on.

"Mrs. St. Clare is quite in a way about you, Miss Margaret," spoke the young woman, who was not pleased at having had her walk partly for nothing. "They have been searching everywhere for you."

"I did not know you were expected this morning," said poor Daisy, after murmur-ing some explanation of having "come out for a walk."

"Well, Miss Margaret, your mamma told me to come whenever it was most convenient to me: and that's early morning, or late in the evening, so as not to take me out of my work in the day-time. I thought I might just catch you and Miss St. Clare when you were dressing, and could have tried on my bodies without much trouble to you."

"What bodies are they?" asked Margaret. "I did not know that any were being made."

"They are dresses for travelling, miss. Mrs. St. Clare gave me a pattern of the material she would like, and I have been getting them."

"Oh, for travelling," repeated Margaret, whose mind, what with one thing and another, was in a perfect whirl. "Will you like to go back, and try mine on now?"

But the dressmaker declined the proposition. She was nearer Trennach now than she was to the Mount, and her apprentice had no work to go on with till she got home to set it for her. Appointing the following morning, she continued her way.

Daisy continued hers. It was a most unlucky thing that the dressmaker should have gone to the Mount that morning, of all others! What a fuss there would be! and what excuse could she make for her absence from home? There was but one, as it seemed to Daisy, that she could make—out for a walk.

But the shifting clouds had gathered in one dense black mass overhead, and the rain came pouring down. Daisy had brought no umbrella: nothing but a fashionable parasol about large enough for a doll: one cannot be expected on such an occasion to be as provident as was the renowned Mrs. MacStinger. The wind took Daisy's cloak, as before; the drifting rain half blinded her. Before she reached home, her pretty muslin dress, and her dainty parasol, and her self also, were wringing wet.

"Now where have you been?" demanded Mrs. St. Clare, pouncing upon Daisy in the hall and backed by Tabitha; while Lydia, who had that morning got up betimes, thanks to the exacting dressmaker, looked on from the door of the breakfast-room.

"I went for a walk," gasped Daisy, fully believing all was about to be discovered. "The rain overtook me."

"What a pickle you are in!" commented Lydia.

"*Where* have you been for a walk?" proceeded Mrs. St. Clare, who was evidently angry.

"Down the road," said Daisy, with a kind of sobbing jerk, the result of emotion and fear. "It—it is pleasant to walk a little before the heat comes on. I—I did not know it was going to rain."

"Pray, how long is it since you found out that it is pleasant to walk a little before the heat comes on?" retorted Mrs. St. Clare, with severe sarcasm. "How many mornings have you tried it?"

"Never before this morning, mamma," replied Daisy, with ready earnestness, for it was the truth.

"*And pray with whom have you been walking?*" put in Lydia, with astounding emphasis. "Who brought you home?"

"Not any one," choked Daisy, swallowing down her tears. "I walked home by myself. You may ask Mrs. Hunt; she met me. Mamma, may I go up and change my things?"

Mrs. St. Clare said neither yes nor no, but gave tacit permission by stretching out her hand to point to the staircase. Daisy ran the gauntlet of the three faces as she passed on; her mother's was stern, Lydia's supremely scornful, Tabitha's discreetly prim. The two ladies turned into the breakfast parlor, and the maid retired.

"It is easy enough to divine what Daisy has been up to," spoke Lydia, whose speech was not always braced a la mode. She sat back in an easy-chair, sipping her chocolate, a pink cloak trimmed with swansdown drawn over her shoulders; for the rain and the early rising had made her feel chilly.

"Oh, don't know," said Mrs. St. Clare, in a cross tone. She detested these petty annoyances.

"I do, though," returned Lydia. "Daisy has been out to meet Frank Raynor. Were I you, mamma, I should not allow her so much liberty."

"Give me the sugar, Lydia, and let me have my breakfast in peace."

Daisy, locking her door, burst into a fit of hysterical tears. Her nerves were utterly unstrung. It was necessary to change her wet garments, and she did so, sobbing wofully all the while. She wished she had not done what she had done; she wished that Frank could be by her side to encourage and shield her. When she had completed her toilet, she took the wedding ring from her finger, attached it to a bit of ribbon, and hid it in her bosom.

"Suppose I should never, never be able to wear it openly?" thought Daisy, with a sob and a sigh. "Suppose Frank and I should never see each other again!—never be able to be together? If mamma carries me off abroad, and he stays here, one of us might die before I came back again."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### UNDER THE EVENING STARS.

"Can you spare me a moment, Frank?"

"Fifty moments if you like, Edina," was the ready answer in the ever-pleasant tone. "Come in."

The day had gone on to its close, and Edina had found no opportunity of speaking to Frank alone. The secret, of which she had unexpectedly gained cognizance that morning, was consuming her mind. To be a party to it, and to keep that fact from Frank, was impossible to Edina. Tell him, she must; and the sooner the better. After tea, he and the Doctor had sat persistently talking together until dusk, when Frank had to go out to visit a fever-patient in Bleak Row. Running upstairs to change his coat, Edina had thought the opportunity had come, and followed him to his chamber.

She went in after his hearty response to her knock. Frank, quick in all his movements, already had his coat off, and was taking the old one from the peg where it hung. Edina sat down by the drawers.

"Frank," she said in a low tone—and she disliked very much indeed to have to say it, "I chanced to go into the church this morning soon after eight o'clock. I—I saw you there."

"*Did* you?" cried Frank, coming to a pause with his coat half on. "And—did you see anything else, Edina?"

"I believe I saw all there was to see, Frank. I saw you standing with Margaret St. Clare at the altar rails, and Mr. Backup marrying you."

"Well, I never!" cried Frank, with amazing ease and equanimity, just the same that he might have maintained had she said she saw him looking on at a christening. "Weren't you surprised, Edina?"

"Surprised, and a great deal more, Frank. Shocked. Grieved."

"I say, though, whatever took you to the church at that early hour, Edina?"

"Chance; it may be said. Though I am one of those, you know, who do not believe such a thing as chance exists. I went after Mrs. Trim, found her house shut up, and thought she might be in the church, cleaning it. Oh, Frank! how could you do anything so desperately imprudent?"

"Well, I hardly know. Don't scold me, Edina."

"I have no right to scold you," she answered. "And scolding would be of no use now the thing is done. Nevertheless, I must tell you what a very wrong step it was to take; lamentably imprudent; and I think you must, yourself, know that it was. I could never have believed it of Margaret St. Clare."

"Do not blame Daisy, Edina. I persuaded her to take it. Mrs. St. Clare has been talking of marching her off abroad; and we wanted, you see, to secure ourselves against separation."

"And what are you going to do, Frank?"

"Oh, nothing," said easy Frank. "Daisy's gone back to the Mount, and I am here as usual. As soon as I can make a home for her, I shall fetch her away."

"Make a home where?"

"In some place where there's a likelihood of a good practice. London, I daresay."

"But how are you to live? A good practice does not spring up in a night, like a mushroom."

"That's arranged," replied Frank, as perfectly confident himself that it was arranged as that Edina was sitting on the low chair, and he settling his shoulders into his coat. "My plans are all laid, Edina, and Uncle Hugh knows what they are—and it was in pursuance of them that I went over to Eagles' Nest. I will tell you about it to-morrow; there's no time now."

"Papa does not know of what took place this morning?"

"Not that. Nobody knows of that. We don't want it known, if we can help it, until the time comes when all the world may know."

"Meaning until you have gained the home, Frank?"

"Meaning until I and Daisy enter upon it," said sanguine Frank.

Edina's hand—her elbow resting on her knee—was raised to support her head; her fingers played absently with her soft brown hair; her dark, thoughtful eyes, gazing before her, seemed to see nothing. Whether it might arise from the fact that in her early days of privation, when Dr. Raynor's means were so narrow, she had become practically acquainted with some dark phases of existence, or whether it was the blight that had been cast on her heart in its sweet spring-time, certain it was, that Edina Raynor was no longer of a sanguine nature. Where Frank saw only sunshine in prospective, she saw shadow. And a great deal of it.

"You should have made sure of the home first."

"Before making sure of Daisy? Not a bit of it, Edina. We shall get along."

"That's just like you, Frank," she exclaimed, petulantly, in her vexation. "You would as soon marry ten wives as one, the law allowing it, so far as never giving a thought to what you were to do with them."

"But the law would not allow it," laughed Frank.

"It is your great fault—never to think of consequences."

"Time enough for that, Edina, when the consequences come."

She did not make any rejoinder. To what use? Frank Raynor would be Frank Raynor to the end of time. It was his nature.

"It is odd, though, is it not, that you, of all Trennach, should just happen to have caught us!" he exclaimed, alluding to the ceremony of the morning. "But you'll not betray us, will you, Edina?—— I must be off down, or Uncle Hugh will be calling to know what I'm doing."

Edina rose with a sigh. "No, I will not betray you, Frank; you know there is no danger of that; and if I can help you and Daisy in any way, I will do it. I was obliged to tell you what I had seen. I could not keep from you the fact that it had come to my knowledge."

As Frank leaped downstairs, light-hearted as a boy, Dr. Raynor was crossing from the sitting-room to the surgery. He halted to speak.

"I forgot to tell you, Frank, that you may as well call this evening on Dame Bell; you will be passing her door."

"Is Dame Bell ill again?" asked Frank.

"I fear so. A woman came for some medicine for her to-day."

"I thought she was at Falmouth."

"She is back again, it seems. Call and see her as you go along; you have plenty of time."

"Very well, Uncle Hugh."

The Bare Plain might be said to deserve its name very especially this evening as Frank traversed it. In the morning the wind had been high, but nothing to what it was now. It played amid the openings surrounding the Bottomless Shaft, going in with a whirr, coming out with a rush, and shrieked and moaned fearfully. The popular belief indulged in by the miners was, that this unearthly shrieking and moaning, which generally disturbed the air on these boisterous nights, proceeded not from the wind, but from Dan Sandon's ghost. Frank Raynor had no faith in the ghost—Dan Sandon's, or any other—but he shuddered as he hastened by.

The illness (more incipient than declared) from which Mrs. Bell had been suffering, seemed to cease with her trouble. Her husband's mysterious disappearance was followed by much necessary exertion, both of mind and body, on her own part; and her ailments nearly left her. Dr. Raynor suspected—perhaps knew—that the improvement was but temporary; but he did not tell her so. Dame Bell moved briskly about her house, providing for the comforts of her lodgers, and waiting for the husband who did not come.

Rosaline did not come, either. And her prolonged absence seemed to her mother most unaccountable, her excuses for it unreasonable. As the days and the weeks had gone on, and Rosaline's return seemed to be no nearer than ever, Dame Bell grew angry. She at length made up her mind to go to Falmouth, and bring back the runaway with her own hands.

Easier said than done, that; as Mrs. Bell found. When she, after two days' absence, returned to her home on the Bare Plain, she returned alone; her daughter was not with her. This was only a few days ago. The Dame had been ailing ever since, some of the old symptoms having come back again—the result perhaps of the travelling—and she had that day sent a neighbor to Dr. Raynor's for some medicine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Marks of a Gentleman.**—No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is vulgarity for which no accomplishment of dress or address can ever atone. Show us the man who desires to make every one around him happy, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give cause of offence to any one, and we will show you a gentleman by nature and species, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth, nor ever heard of a lexicon. We are proud to say, for the honor of our species, there are many men in every throb of whose heart there is solicitude for the welfare of mankind, and whose every breath is perfumed with kindness.

## THE MOUND BUILDERS.

Last week a party of scientific explorers made some very interesting discoveries in the vicinity of Milton, Wisconsin. There are in that vicinity a number of mounds belonging to the class which recent archeological investigation has referred to that mysterious race which inhabited the central portion of North America long before the present aborigines obtained a foothold there. Selecting the largest of these mounds, the explorers dug a trench from its outer edge to the centre, thirty feet long, five feet wide, and at the centre attaining a depth of ten feet. About a foot from the bottom, at the deepest part of the excavation, a layer of ashes and decayed wood was laid bare. A few inches below this was a hard deposit resembling mortar, and beneath were found the remains of four adults and two children. That they belonged to the race of Mound-builders is inferred from the fact that there had previously been exhumed, only eighteen inches below the surface, a complete Indian skeleton. The other, and vastly more important relics, were eight and a half feet lower down. The first of these, the skeleton of a man, lay with the head to the west in a reclining position. At the knees, near each hand, were two ornaments, composed of the teeth of some wild animal, about four inches long, and having holes bored through for the string which attached them to the wrists. Close by was the skull, but so badly decayed as to prevent removal. A little to the south of the skull were four perfect flint arrow heads, as clearly cut as if the work had been done by the best modern machinery. Lying around and under the shoulders were twenty-nine beads, manufactured from small shells, and perforated so as to be worn as a necklace. Evidently this was the skeleton of some famous personage, for among the bones of the five others no ornaments whatever were found. The chief's companions were arranged about him to the west, northwest and east. In the jaw-bone of one was a partly-developed wisdom-tooth, and most of the jaw-bones and teeth were in good preservation.

## FARM AND GARDEN.

**Fever in the Feet.**—There is nothing better for fever in the feet of horses than bandages wet with water. It is better than "stuffing" with filth so often recommended.

**How to Keep Apples.**—Apples that were stored in bins just as they were picked from the trees should be sorted, put into barrels and stored in a cool place where the frost will not reach them. It will be most profitable in some places, if one has the conveniences, to make the apples into vinegar. Cider made from the late apples at this season is the best for family use, as fermentation goes on more gradually.

**Cows.**—As soon as cows are put on dry feed, the milk falls off, but if they are well fed, what is lost in quantity is gained in quality. A cow that is milking should have at least two quarts of mixed corn-meal and bran daily, with as much chaffed hay as she will eat. A cow will usually eat two bushels of the chaff in a day. Some roots in addition would be useful. Dry cows should have one quart daily; it will not hurt a cow to take on a little fat at this season, nor make her milk any less when she comes in.

**The Watering of Horses.**—M. P. Cartledge, member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, urges the great necessity of allowing an unlimited supply of water to horses; and he alludes to the very mistaken notion among grooms and others having the control of horses that water *ad libitum* is injurious. While grooms and others drink without stint themselves, they profess to know when a horse has drank sufficient, and so take away the pail before his natural wants are half satisfied. Horses will not drink to excess if watered frequently, and in their case drinking does no harm.

**Fruit Cellars.**—Fruit cellars need careful oversight: for the late sorts to come to proper perfection, and to keep well, they must be in a temperature as low as may be without freezing; it must not be forgotten that fruit in ripening gives off heat, and this must be regulated by the admission of cold air from without. In ripening, a considerable amount of carbonic acid is given off, which would be of use in retarding the ripening, but very dangerous if allowed to accumulate in the cellar of a dwelling, hence ventilation by means of a chimney, or in some other manner, is a matter that must be attended to.

**Sheep.**—No stock require more careful attention than sheep. If not well fed they suffer, and if too well fed they become dainty and lose appetite. Perfect regularity should be observed in feeding, and then they will not neglect coarse food while waiting for their grain. A system should be adopted and adhered to rigidly. Half a pint of grain, daily, is sufficient at present: it is easier to increase the feed than to diminish it. Ample room, and open, airy sheds should be provided. Crowding and heating will cause shedding of the wool. A daily run in a dry field will be healthful. Unless lambs are wanted for the butcher, ewes should not be coupled until late this month. Whenever practicable, the lambs should come with the young grass.

**How to Make Good Cider.**—The best cider is made as late in the fall as possible and from clean, sound apples. To keep it through the winter and for a year or more, follow our receipt printed a couple of weeks ago—that is, barrel it immediately and remove it to a cool vault or cellar, where it should remain until February or March, when it should be put in strong bottles and firmly wired down, lay them on the ground or shelves where the temperature is cold and uniform, and the cider will not ripen too rapidly or will not freeze. If the cider before barreling be filtered through sand, it will probably keep better and be free of any sediment; but any mustard, sulphite, raisins, boiling, or any other thing, much or little, will damage it and will be no aid to its preservation.

**Grape Vines.**—Beginners make a great mistake in setting old vines. We see offered in the city markets stems an inch or more in diameter without as much as a good year old vine should have. Young vines, one or two years old, with abundant fibrous roots are preferable to older ones. Cut back the stem to a foot, plant in good, over-rich soil, spreading the roots well, and then cover the surface with litter. It is not practicable to give directions for pruning fruiting vines, as all depends upon previous treatment and present condition. It must be borne in mind that the bearing shoots come from the buds now visible, and one must leave buds where shoots are wanted. Most varieties may be propagated from cuttings made from canes of last season's growth. Cut the canes removed in pruning into lengths of two or three buds, tie into bundles, label, and put away in earth in a cool cellar.

**Packing Butter.**—Makers and shippers should be careful to pack butter uniform in color and should particularly remember that streaked lots, no matter how sweet and choice, cannot be brought into competition with lots running uniform in color, the latter always commanding a much quicker sale at a fair premium, and in every way compensating makers and dealers for their extra labor and care. Another fault is that a large portion of the butter during the hot weather turns sour and rancid very suddenly, sometimes before being received, although it may have left in good and sweet condition from whence it was sent. This fault lies with the makers to remedy to some extent; for instance, the cream may have stood too long, or not been worked sufficiently to take out the buttermilk, while another fault would be in not salting properly. These minor points, although trifling at first, are more noticeable after they have gone through second hands and finally reach other markets. The packing and package used are, however, of no secondary account in the matter of realizing the best market prices, and during hot weather particularly should shippers be especially careful in regard to packages. Jars and boxes should be avoided as much as possible, the former costing more freight, besides being a package not easily handled. In handling at the stations and express offices, and even forwarding, jars and boxes are often placed on top of each other, and as there are no other covers for protection, the quality is damaged by defacement and the price is considerably lessened. Tubs, pails, and firkins should be used exclusively, but in this some discrimination is required. Oak firkins and tubs are taken in preference to others on account of their neater appearance, though some parties use home made tubs, which they claim answer for their purpose.

OUR
BOYS
GIRLS

# GRUMPIBUS AND THE CEREUS.

BY V. E.

Lubin Twinkle was lying half asleep among the fern, now closing his eyes, now looking straight up into the sky where the fleecy clouds sailed quietly through the deep, then watching the fallow deer butting each other, when turning on his side he saw just before his face the fairy queen's palace. The tall fern that covered him opened into a long avenue, where the stems all seemed to form the columns of a miniature cathedral. The leaves were joined at the ends with beautiful little groups of wild flowers, and each division exactly like the other. Lubin never could tell how long it was; but of this he was certain, that it grew less and less in the distance, and through the last arch he saw the village church, and the murmur of its bells sounded on his ear. Often he had tried to find the place, and crossed and recrossed the fern in every direction, careful not to break in the leafy roof or cast down the frail pillars; but he never again saw the fairy hall nor heard the church bells ring as they were ringing then.

He learned something about the fairies, however, which I never saw written anywhere. All the fairies we read of are either very young and beautiful, doing all sorts of odd good things, or very old and ugly, with wands like a crutch, never so well pleased as when they are doing mischief. Now it is true that the great apes are very kind and good when they are young, and grow fierce and dangerous as they get old; but why this should be, or why the old fairies should get ill-natured, I do not understand. However, Lubin saw not merely little baby fairies, who could not fly, trying to climb up the stems of the fern, while their mothers fluttered over them and held them by their wings for leading strings for fear they should fall, but fairies of all ages—fat little gentlemen fairies in pea-green coats and yellow waistcoats, sitting in easy chairs reading newspapers; one was leaning against a fern stem smoking a pipe, while an active little manikin was giving directions for keeping the roof in repair to workmen and workwomen fairies, who weather-proofed it by constantly twisting in fresh leaves.

The queen herself sat in the very middle of the hall upon a round throne covered with scarlet velvet and heaped with natural flowers, when Lubin saw a fairy in a white wig and black gown come bowing and scraping at a great rate to the foot of the throne. The queen lightly bounded into the air, and danced down gracefully on her feet, when a whole guard of fairies removed the flowers and the velvet from her throne, and exposed to Lubin's astonished eyes a blue china teacup without a handle, turned upside down. You may laugh, but the fact is, china was so much stronger than anything the fairies could make for themselves, that happening to find the broken teacup in the park, that very little man with a wig, who came bowing to the queen, resolved to make a state prison of it, that all fairies who offended against the laws might be put under it; and the queen was so much pleased to think she had got all her troublesome subjects shut up so safely, that she made the bottom of the teacup her throne, and sat upon it.

You would expect that the queen, when she wanted to let any one out, would give the teacup a tap with her wand, and out they would come. Ah dear! the poor fairies would have been spared some very hard work if she had done so. Lubin saw fifty at least of them passing their wands in under the edge of the cup, and at last they lifted it high enough for one fairy to creep out of it. A miserable creature he looked. If fairies had chimneys, you would have said he was the chimney sweep.

But how came he in such a muss, and how came he under the teacup? I'll tell you. The fairies think it very wicked for any one to enjoy alone a pleasure he might share with the others. Does any one skimming along the meadows light on the first bloom upon the rye, home he goes to the fairy hall and invites his companions to enjoy it, and out they troop by hundreds to the softest grass or the sweetest flowers that any one of them can find. Nay, so carefully do they observe this law, that never does a fairy find anywhere a very comfortable nook or corner but before he sits down he goes to tell a little sister or brother where to find him.

Now the prisoner was a fairy called Grumpibus, and the night before he had got into trouble. He had been flying about among the flowers in the hot-house, many of which were beautiful, but none so very new or fragrant that he felt he ought to call the other fairies to the treat, when as the evening came on and the windows were going to be shut he set off to return home. But the air already felt cold outside the hot-house, and as he lighted upon the top of the flue he found a warm soft air coming from it, for the fires had burned to clear ashes and made no smoke. "How comfortable!" said Grumpibus, as he crept into the chimney pot. "I won't go home till morning. This shall be my country seat, and I won't tell anybody for fear they should all come and I should not have room." So he stretched out his legs as wide as he could, and put his hands into his pockets, to see how much room he could take up. Once or twice he thought he ought to go and report the snug corner he had found out. Lucky for him it would have been if he had, for other fairies knew more about that corner than Grumpibus.

So after taking up all the room he could, Grumpibus fell fast asleep in the corner of the chimney pot, and knew not how long he had been there, when the gardener came round to look at the stoves, and taking a shovel of small coal he threw it upon each of the fire-places. Up mounted into the air a thick black smoke, and pouring into the chimney pot nearly suffocated Grumpibus. It made him so black that when he flew away in a fright to the fairy hall his own mother did not know him, but thought it must be one of the black gnomes out of the coal mine who had been sent up on some business. Being a suspicious person, however, a fairy in a blue coat with a shiny top to his hat, who was the policeman to the palace, soon caught hold of him, and without hearing a word he had to say for himself put him under the teacup. Tittipro, for that was the little officer's name in the white bag wig, was still before the queen, and when Grumpibus came out so black and dingy, she turned to him to hear the story. He had not a word to say for himself, so the queen graciously said, "Since you have passed the night under the teacup, I shall inflict no further punishment upon you." Then turning to Tittipro, she said, "Let four washerwoman take their mops and go down to the rivulets, and see if they can't get him clean and fit to come into our hall again." At the word the four laundresses who had the charge of the queen's own linen were on the spot. Two took mops, two took scrubbing brushes, and they mopped and scrubbed at Grumpibus till he roared aloud—at last they got him clean.

Very hard, thought Grumpibus, that when a fairy has found anything comfortable he must not keep it to himself. "I will though, that I will," said he, and from that time he used to go about very much alone—poking bits of sticks into the bee-hives at night, and flying away before the bees were disturbed, thus spoiling a comb of honey that he might suck the end of the stick. Then perhaps he would get into a dairy, and seating himself on the edge of a bowl that was to stand for cream, he would stir it up with his wand; and that he called making a storm. Then if some poor industrious spider had spent all the day in making a new web, Grumpibus would jump into the middle of it, draw it out into one long cord and swing on it for half an hour, then fly away, little thinking of the disappointment he had caused the spider. The least pleasure for himself he always thought more of than the greatest trouble to any one else. At last he found a great pleasure, and he enjoyed it all alone.

Few fairies of that country had ever seen the night-blooming cereus in flower. The wonderful things that were told of its sweet scent and its beauty everbody knew in fairyland, and many a wee heart sighed—"Oh, if I might see the night-blooming cereus!" Now just beside the hot-house, in a little chamber kept locked up, there was one of these rare plants, and Grumpibus heard from something said by the gardener, that it would certainly flower that year. Well, thought Grumpibus, if I find when this cereus flowers, and tell the fairies, they will certainly make friends with me again. And he was always fluttering about this spot till he found a small ventilator through which he could creep, and at night he got in and slept under the cereus leaves, impatiently waiting till he should see the bud burst.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

## THE CODFISH.

A St. John (N. F.) correspondent of the Montreal *Gazette* gives the following account of the processes used in preparing the codfish for market: "The codfish, after being caught, split and washed, are spread to dry on the "flake," which is formed of spruce boughs, supported by a framework resting on upright poles. Here the cod are spread out to bleach by exposure to sun and air, and during this process require constant attention. At night, or on the approach of rain, they are made up into little round heaps, with the skin outward, in which state they look very much like small haycocks. When the "bloom," or whitish appearance, which for the moment they assume, comes out on the dried fish, the process is finished, and they are then ready for storing. On being conveyed to the premises of the exporting merchant, they are first "culled," or assorted, into different kinds, known as "merchantable," "Madeira," "West India," and "Dun," or broken fish. The first is the best quality; the second a grade lower; the third is a grade lower still; and the fourth, which is incapable of keeping, is used at home. The cod sent to hot countries is packed by screw power into small casks called "drums;" that which goes to the Mediterranean is usually exported in bulk. We ship large quantities of dried cod to Brazil, and there is hardly an inhabited corner of that vast empire where the Newfoundland cod is not to be found, being carried on the backs of mules from the seacoast into the most distant provinces of the interior. The negroes of the West Indies welcome it as a grateful addition to their vegetable diet. To all parts of the Mediterranean it finds its way—Italians, Greeks and Sicilians equally relishing the produce of our sea harvest. The Spaniards and Portuguese are our best customers, and all over the sunny peninsula the "bacalo" have been a standing dish since the days of Cervantes, who makes special mention of our cod in "Don Quitote" under that name. In Great Britain and the United States we have thousands of customers. In the warmer regions of the earth, however, the people seem to have a special liking for the dried and salted cod, and to them it is an almost indispensable article of food. The more extensively Brazil, Spain and Italy are opened up by railways and other means of transit, the greater becomes the demand for cod, as the cost is lessened. The advancing price of fresh meats of all kinds in various countries is rapidly increasing the demand for cod, and has considerably enhanced its value. Twelve or fourteen years ago the average price of fish was from twelve to fifteen shillings per quintal. It is now exactly double that price.

## A BRIGHT HORSE AND A STUPID ONE.

The Boston *Journal* relates the following:—"Among the many horses owned by the Highland Street Railroad Company is one who used to give the hostlers a deal of trouble by slipping his halter and roaming at will about the stable. The halter was on each occasion buckled on as tightly as possible, but to no purpose, for the horse would invariably be found half an hour afterward making a dignified tour of the stable. This became monotonous to the hostler, and he determined to ascertain the *modus operandi* by which this equine friend secured his liberty. Again the halter was tightly buckled on, and taking a seat where he could watch his troublesome charge, he awaited developments. Pretty soon a horse who stood beside the troublesome one was observed to poke his nose into his neighbor's stall, and catching the end of the halter strap between his teeth, he pulled at it. His first, second, and third attempts to unloose the buckle were unavailing, but with remarkable perseverance the horse returned to his work repeatedly, and finally out dropped the buckle tongue, the throat strap fell, and the horse of inquisitive mind was soon stalking about the stable again. A change of location was of course a necessity. A large, homely, piebald gelding owned by this company used to manifest a strange regard for a white mare he formerly worked beside. In the stable he was hitched with a rope halter, and, until a chain was substituted, he used to gnaw off his halter, march off deliberately to the stall occupied by his mate, and squeeze himself into the same stall, which was only large enough to accommodate one horse comfortably, and a good deal of effort was required to separate the equines after they had become wedged in so closely."

HAPPINESS is inborn. It is not an outward trait. It is generated in the soul. It is never bought or sold as an article of commerce. You may fill your house with all manner of beautiful and curious things, but you cannot lay in a stock of happiness in the same way. If you are happy, your happiness is that which you are able to make by the use of the mind itself. A fundamental condition of happiness in this world is activity, and that kind of activity which carries with it all the faculties.

## HERE AND THERE.

WASTE of "T"—Putting it in "depot."

THE young man that boasted that he would make a noise in the world, now beats a gong for a hotel.

AN inveterate old bachelor says ships are called "she" because they always keep a man on the look-out.

"That's the only wedding trip I shall probably ever take," said a bachelor, as he stumbled over a bride's train.

"IF there's no moonlight, will you meet me by gaslight, dearest Juliana?" asked he. "No, Augustus, I won't; I am no gas-meter," replied she.

THE following notice is posted conspicuously in a Scotch office: "Shut the door, and when you have done talking on business, serve your mouth the same way."

OF 116 women observed on the street cars yesterday by an attentive traveller 113 stuck out their tongues when they unclasped their pocket-books.—*Graphic*.

"PHAT a blessing it is," says a hard-working Chicago Irishman, "that night niver comes till late in the day, when a man is tired and can't work any more."

A "VETERAN student of human nature" says, "If one wants a flirt, take a brunette; if one wants a cook, take a blonde. If one wants a wife, take neither."

BEING asked how he liked the performance of a certain dramatic club, an auditor replied that he should "hardly call it a club, but rather a collection of sticks."

A NEW YORK paper states that a laborer in an ice house down East, was killed by a large lump of ice falling on his head. Verdict of the jury, "Died of hard drink."

BOSTON girls generally write poems on the immortality of the soul until they are old enough to swing on the garden gate with a young man of honorable intentions.

PRIEST—"Now tell me, Doolan, truthfully, how often do you go to the chapel?" Pat—"Will now, shure oi'll till yer riv'rence the trut, Faix; I go as often as I can avoid."

HOW AN ARTFUL WIFE MANAGES IT.—"When I want a nice snug day all to myself, I tell George my *mother* is coming, and then I see nothing of him till one in the morning."

"MR. JONES, you said you were connected with the fine arts; do you mean that you are a sculptor?" "No, sir, I don't sculp myself, but I furnish the stone to the man what does."

NEVER set yourself up for a musician just because you have got a drum in your ear; nor believe you are cut out for a school teacher merely because you have a pupil in your eye.

AN organist played in another church, recently, and was complimented by the organ-blower for his voluntary. "By the way," added the man, "I've blowed that voluntary before."

OF all the heart-rending sights to be seen on the streets of this most cosmopolitan city, the saddest is to gaze upon an old bachelor looking into the windows of a corset manufactory.

SAVING HUSBAND.—"George, dear, don't you think it is rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No, love; economical! Same piece of bread does for both."

"IT'S all for the best," remarked Blinks with a sigh, as he paid for the hat he had lost. "Nay," interposed the lucky man, "'tis all for the better." Blinks accepted the amendment.

AN Illinois minister announced on his Sunday night bulletin: "The funeral of Judas Iscariot." To which an obliging fellow added: "The friends of the deceased are cordially invited to attend."

THE other day a man was hung at Tanna-Fort, near Bombay, for a horrible murder, and made rather a notable observation in Gujerati. Standing under the drop, he whispered to the executioner, "In one minute what a lot I shall know!"

A LITTLE girl who was sent for some indigo, forgetting the name, asked the grocer, "Please, sir, what do people dye with?" "What do people die with?" exclaimed the grocer. "Why, with the cholera sometimes." "Then," said the child, "mother wants twenty-five cents' worth of cholera."

"SAMBO, is your master a good farmer?" "Oh, yes, massa, fuss-rate farmer—he makes two crops each year." "How is that, Sambo?" "Why, he sells all his hay in de fall, and make money once; den in de spring he sells de hides ob de cattle dat die for want ob de hay, and makes money twice."

A BOSTON woman had prepared to elope, but when her husband, hearing of her intention, came forward with his check-book and offered her money for her expenses, while his face was illuminated with unbounded joy, she reconsidered the matter and concluded not to go. It took all the romance away.

A BRITISH paper concludes an editorial on the Hell Gate explosion with the remark: "Henceforth the traveller from Europe will be able to enjoy an unbroken view of a bay which is not less picturesque than that of Naples." The people over there evidently think it was Staten Island which was blown up.

IN a debate in the Vermont Legislature, the other day, a member related this incident: A man borrowed three thousand dollars of a widow, erected therewith a handsome monument in a churchyard, sacred to his own memory, failed within six months, and paid the widow, who could ill afford to lose it, ten per cent. of her claim.

THERE was a little gathering the other evening, and a lady, with a desire to chasten the conversation, asked a young man if he had never felt a deep and subtle thrill, a fullness of feeling, so to speak, that reminded him of another life. He said he had once. It was when he was in the country, and the doctor called it cholera morbus and charged him $4 a visit.

"BRUTUS BLINKENBERRY," said that gentleman's wife, drawing a paper from her pocket in the privacy of the chamber on Sunday morning—"Brutus Blinkenberry, I've counted, and out of the last thirty days you have come home intoxicated twenty-seven nights; what do you think of yourself?" Blinkenberry groaned. "Well, what are you groaning about now?" "Them three nights," replied Blinkenberry, with an expression of horrible suffering.

"I WANT you to play something brilliant and dashing," said young Mr. Romeo to the organist arranging for the music at his wedding, "none of those old, die-away, worn-out things usually played." "How would Beethoven's 'Symphony' in E-minor, arranged as a fantasie in four flats and one stop to the high C, suit you?" inquired the musician. "Well," said the bridegroom-elect, evidently puzzled, "if it's got the ring and go of the 'Skidmore Guards,' or 'Tommy Make Room for Your Auntie' in it, I think it'll do."

**Strong Nerves an Attainable Blessing.**

There are many who have never known the blessing of strong nerves, having been born with weak ones. Those who have, and through disease or some other cause, have suffered a loss of nerve power, can, by contrast, more fully appreciate the magnitude of that loss. The true way to repair it is to invigorate the system through the medium of improved digestion, secretion, and the establishment of a regular habit of body, three results invariably accomplished by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which insures the thorough conversion of the food into pure nourishing blood, from which the nerves, in common with every other part of the bodily economy, gather vigor, the grand prerequisite of health. The great objection to sedatives and narcotics is that they not only exert no tonic influence, but are always followed by a hurtful reaction. Such is far from being the case with the Bitters, the primary action of which is most salutary, and whose after effects are beneficial in the extreme.

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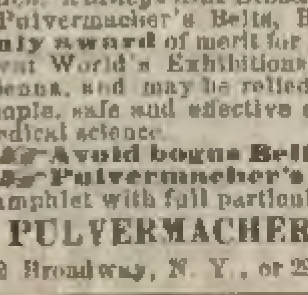

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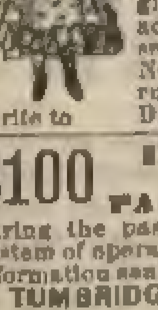

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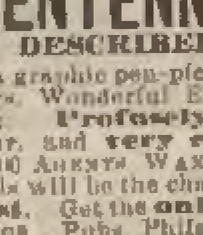

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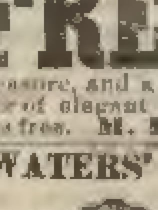

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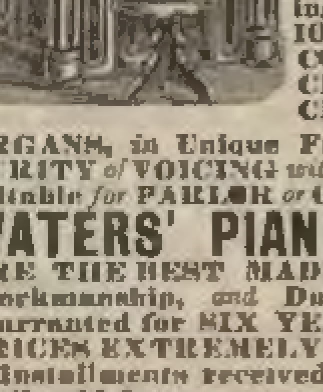

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# THE FASHIONS.

There is quite a fancy abroad for harmony in costumes for the street—that is, especially in winter toilettes. Coats and muffs of cloth trimmed with fur are generally accompanied by the *toque* or turban, of the same material bordered with a band of similar fur.

FOR YOUNG LADIES,

the chinchilla fur is given a marked preference over all others, unless, indeed, we except the ever popular and rich-looking seal fur. This last has the additional merit of being a very durable article, superior in that respect to the lighter, less substantial chinchilla. In sacques there is a preference for longer and more closely-fitting ones—that is, in the fur sacques. The seal and astrachan fur sacques are trimmed with otter and minever, also undyed seal fur and grebe bands. The grebe bands, accompanied by grebe and seal fur turban and muff with short ruff or boa for the neck, are very handsome, but are objectionable to many persons on account of the grease which is used in preparing them, and which exudes from the feathers. In astrachan fur, the white and black combined, are again popular for young people. Nothing can be more stylish for little girls than turbans of white astrachan fur, bordered with black and having sacques and muffs to correspond.

Boas, however pretty, are now conceded to be unhealthy, and in their stead are used the pretty neckerchiefs of silk or netted soft-silk braid, or for grown persons scarfs of lace, either Guipure or Spanish lace; or in many instances, fine tulle, edged with white silk floss.

In this last mentioned article, many pretty scarfs and kerchiefs are made. Some are of a triangular shape, which are wrought on the edges in scallops, formed by a running stitch of white silk floss. Others, of a scarf form, have tiny stars bordering the edge, done in white floss alternated with black or colored.

IN DRESS DRAPERY,

the tendency is still towards a flatness directly in the back, extending down some eight or ten inches below the belt. All looping is done below this flat portion.

The polonaise continues a favorite—many being buttoned in the back, and as many closed in front with two or three rows of small sized buttons. We have seen a very pretty costume in deep myrtle green *damasse*, and a darker shade of green silk. The *damasse* was a mixture of silk and wool, and had an arabesque pattern of leaves and trailing vines upon it, the design being in a lighter shade than the ground. The underskirt had first a box pleated flounce of silk upon it, and above that a wide pleated flounce of *damasse*. On every central pleat of the lower flounce was a small silk button. The overdress was a sleeveless polonaise of the *damasse* goods, buttoned down the front with larger sized buttons than have lately been used for such garments. Very low down in front are three upturned pleats, each about two inches in depth. This drapery of the front and side widths is continued somewhat higher up, nearer the central back width, which latter falls over the side drapery, drawn together under it, and presents a plain surface, fitting smoothly over the slight tournure. A long, graduated pocket of silk, lined with *damasse*, and having the central fold buttoned over, with buttons of a size to correspond with those upon the box-pleated flounce on the bottom, was placed rather high up on the right side. A deep knotted fringe of mingled wool and chenille, edges the bottom of this garment, and a closely pleated ruff and collarette of silk finished the neck. Similarly pleated cuffs trimmed the sleeves. This was a very elegant costume and one well worth copying in other colors and material. A suitable hat to wear with such a costume was made of green velvet, of a shade similar to the silk of the costume, and had a folded scarf of silk about it, a cock's feather plume, and a shaded wing.

For a little girl a pretty walking suit of brown and plaided brown cashmere was made, with a kilt skirt of the plaided goods. That is the side and back widths were kilted, the front widths were cut Gabrielle, and buttoned from waist to hem. The overdress or paletot was of plain brown cashmere, and had sacque fronts. The side and back pieces were Gabrielle, also to within thirteen inches of the hem, where they were cut off, and closely kilted skirts set on under the plainly corded edge of the Gabrielle part. Just where the joining seam was marked on each side sash ends of brown silk were set in and tied loosely across the back widths. Square pockets of cashmere, with pleated frills of silk below, were placed on each side of the front skirts, rather low down. Bows of brown ribbon are placed on the centre of each pocket flap. Little Gainsborough hat of brown felt, with bright wing and knot of ribbon under the rim where it is turned up. Muff of brown cloth edged with fox fur.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Striped stockings are no longer *en regle*.

Adjustable pockets of black silk are worn, suspended by either straps of silk or silk cords and tassels.

The close fitting *capote* bonnet is preferred by many of the leaders of fashion to the one ended Gainsborough hat, which is so generally adopted that it has lost *prestige*.

Deep circular wraps, with a plain hood, having a knot or ribbon, and long loops and ends pendant therefrom, are very much worn by fashionable people.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Collady for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We will give instruction this week concerning the making of a Letter and Note Case. Materials required are three-quarters of a yard of silver perforated card-board, the same quantity of dark blue silk, some shaded blue chenille, for embroidering; a small quantity of yellow chenille, and also some shaded rose color and green. Some blue silk or satin ribbon an inch and a half wide, two yards of chenille cord, mingled blue and silver, or blue and white. The shape of the case is oval with the lower end pointed. There are three compartments. The upper one for letters, not replied to, and having the word "Unanswered" wrought upon its surface, in blue chenille. The second one just below it has "Answered" wrought in a similar manner upon it. The third or lower flap near the pointed end has "Notes," or if French be preferred, "Billets" upon it. First for foundation, cut from thin cardboard an oval piece of fourteen inches in length, and twelve broad at its widest part. Cover the front with blue silk, and the back with perforated board. Lay on the silk in tiny, longitudinal folds. For the first pocket or flap, cut a piece from the perforated board, rounded, or partly oval at the top, that will be about four inches or four and a half in depth, and of a width and shape across to fit neatly over that part of the back which it is designed to be placed over. Line it with blue silk. Bind the upper and side edges with narrow blue ribbon. Work in German letters "Unanswered" on the centre. At each side a tiny clustre of rosebuds in shaded rose-colored chenille, and a spray of forgetmenots in pale blue with yellow centres, the leaves in shaded green. Place it five or six inches from the top of the back piece. Arrange the second flap in a similar manner, letting the upper part cover the bottom of the first flap. Work "Answered" and similar cluster of flowers upon it. Work "Notes" or "Billets" upon the lower flap, which must cover the bottom of the back piece, and also the lower edges of the second flap. Cover the edges with a ruching or quilling of the inch and a half ribbon. Place a ribbon loop at the top to hang it by. Put a row of the chenille cord down the centre of the ribbon quilling. Put loops of chenille at the edges of the different flaps, and at the lower edge of the note pocket.

NINON.

# FAIR ADALINE OF ABO.

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

In the soft gold rays of a Finland morn,
As they glimmered the town and bay,
Fair Adaline of Abo born,
Looked out for a ship on the sea.

And the clouds were flying from the Fins Northland—
From the land of the icy pole;
And the sun grew dim and dark on the sand,
As the sea rolled terrible.

At last! at last! a sail she knew,
To once but laugh at its leaving—
Knowing she loved its young mate true,
Yet drove him 'way deceiving!

And the winds wailed loud, and the winds wailed low,
To chill her heart with fear,
While she knelt on the beach in her pitiful woe,
With a love which she told to the air.

In the rosy rays 'neath a morning sky,
There was washed, with a wreck on the shore,
A fair-haired lad who'd loved as a boy,
Yet knew not she loved him more!

And the winds at the pole were sorry they did
Aught 'gainst the maiden lone,
Who clung to her lover wet and dead,
To tell what in heaven was known!

* * *

# FRED'S FUNERALS.

FROM A LADY'S SCRAP BOOK.

"Yes, aunt, you must excuse me."

"But Fred."

"There are no buts about it, my dear aunt. I cannot and *will* not be taken down to the drawing-room to-night."

"Then I shall certainly be *compelled* to excuse you," I replied, striving to keep back the tears which some way would fill my eyes every time I attempted to reason with the noble fellow lying so helpless before me.

Months before the opening of this story, Fred Travers, in attempting to ascend a scaffolding raised upon a building of which he was the architect, was precipitated to the pavement, striking upon his feet. The effect was partial paralysis to the lower limbs. Everything that medical skill could suggest was promptly attended to, but with very little success; and the poor fellow had about decided that he must remain a helpless cripple the rest of his life. I shall never forget the day he resigned himself to his fate. Every member of the family was requested to keep out of his room until he signified his desire to be visited.

About eight o'clock in the evening I was summoned to Fred's apartment.

"Well," said I, taking his outstretched hand, "what is it?"

"Oh, nothing aunt; only I have had a funeral; and the strangest part of all is, I was chief mourner. I have buried all my youthful hopes and aspirations; and henceforth there will be no more snivelling over the 'inevitable.'"

Since my nephew's accident, I had not held my usual Wednesday evening receptions; but he was now so far recovered that I thought it best to begin again. All my attempts to have him make one of the party were useless. He saw that I was grieved, and said, while a bitter smile played round his handsome mouth, "It would be a pretty sight, now, wouldn't it, to see me, a great strapping fellow, six feet in my stockings, carried by a footman down into the parlor?"

"But, Fred, Ben can take you down before anyone comes. And all my friends know that I never entertain company after eleven; so you will not become tired of sitting."

There was the least perceptible quiver about the finely chiselled mouth, as he replied, "My dear, precious little aunt, don't you see that I am not yet able to conquer the mortification this helplessness entails upon me? I shall be obliged to have another funeral. Then, perhaps, I can become all you would have me. I shall lie on the sofa in the library," he added. "You can leave the doors open, so that the strains of music can float up to me; and I shall enjoy myself quite as much as if one of the crowd. If you were not my aunt, I should fall in love with you to-night," as I leaned over and kissed him before going down.

How glad I was that he had so far escaped the contagion of real love; for well I knew that, with his extremely positive temperament, he would consider it his first duty to free the woman of his choice, as expeditiously as possible, and that would be the most heart-rending thing of all.

I don't know why I was unable to keep my thoughts with the company assembled; but they *would* stray off up-stairs, and several times I caught myself whispering, "Poor Fred! Poor Fred! More than one inquiry was made for him, for he was a favorite with us all—but to no one did I say, "Go up-stairs." I knew he did not wish it.

The belle of the evening was a Miss Griffin, an intimate friend of one of my boarding-school cousins, but a stranger to me. She sang exquisitely, played with a skill truly professional, conversed intelligently and intelligibly; and these latter accomplishments were so rare among young ladies generally, that I found myself quite attracted to her. Some one volunteered to play a waltz, and as the young folks flew round to the fascinating strains of Strauss, I ran up-stairs to see how Fred was enjoying himself. The gas was turned quite low, but the grate sent out a cheerful light which illuminated the centre of the room, leaving the sides and corners in deep shadow.

What a sight met my eyes.

Miss Griffin, supposing herself the sole occupant of the room, had taken a seat upon the carpet in front of the fire; and there, her quaint little head bent on one side, canary-fashion, she sat muttering to herself. I stopped and listened; I couldn't help it to save my life.

"Why, isn't this jolly! This seems homelike. I don't believe I like parties. Oh! I forgot; my boot hurt me. That's my excuse for running away from that horrid waltz. I wonder what dreadful creature first conceived the idea of waltzing? If I had my way he should hop through all ages, and on one foot too! Heigho! a nice fire; how cheerful! Our library used to be something like this before papa died. Oh, dear! There isn't a bit of happiness in the world unless one has somebody to love one!" and then I knew the little creature was sobbing.

Now that was too bad. What could I do? Nothing evidently. What would Fred do? Keep very quiet, and allow her to depart in total ignorance of his presence. But that this little episode would leave a deep and lasting impression, I, who knew Fred so thoroughly, perfectly understood.

"How much pleasanter to spend an evening here than with all those stupid folks down stairs!" and the little one arose from her low seat, and began a survey of the apartment. I knew it was all up then. In a second more, a smothered shriek, a quick "I beg pardon, sir; I thought I was alone!" was wafted to my ears.

"You are perfectly excusable, my dear young lady."

Fred evidently intended to play the paternal *con amore*.

"Please do not feel distressed about it. I should have spoke when you first entered, but I foolishly imagined you would be able to leave without observing me. If it does not make you feel annoyed, I shall be very glad it has happened, as it has afforded me a glimpse of something natural and spontaneous."

I knew it was wrong to stop there listening, but I was actually riveted to the spo Women always have some excuse for pr ing; and "riveted" is as good as any for m

"Are you ill, sir?" she inquired, drawing a little nearer.

"Not very," he replied; "although probably an invalid for life."

The end of this episode is not yet, though I, and I was right.

"My name is Miss Griffin—Margare Griffin. Most everybody calls me Maggie she went on by way of introduction.

"And *my* name is Travers—Frederic Travers. Most everybody calls me Fred replied her companion; but I know by th tone of my nephew's voice that, for the moment, he had ceased to think of himself an his infirmity. "I am Mrs. Andrews' ne phew, at your service."

"Let us be friends," she said sweetly and I knew then, just as well as I kno now, that Maggie Griffin's hand lay in th of the invalid.

"I don't want to say I am sorry for you she continued, "because I think there a few who like to be pitied. It don't seem t me that I should care much about walking that is, if I had plenty of money, and somebody to care for me, and lots of books!"

But the tremulant in the girl's voice betrayed her, and the next moment she wa sobbing convulsively. Quick steps ascended the stairs, and I moved away from th threshold very much like a person caugh in the act of stealing. What occurred sub sequently I did not know until some tim after. I tried to conceal my abstractio and appear as usual, and was somewhat relieved when, a few minutes after, Miss Gri fin took her seat at the piano, and with brilliant sweep of her little fingers com menced the "Laughing Song." How sh did laugh, and how she did sing! For week after, the echo of those bewilderin strains seemed to meet me in the far co ners of the house, and only ten minutes be fore she was sobbing as if her heart woul break.

"I never heard Maggie sing so well, observed a lady friend.

"She really excels herself."

Didn't I know that she was singing fo Fred? Didn't I know that her voice wa laden with love, and heavily laden too The poor child had not yet begun to fee its weight.

"Heaven help her," I said softly to mysel

"How did you like the singing, Fred? I asked the next morning, at breakfast.

"It was delightful. Of all the contralto I ever heard, that was the richest. Bu who was the fair vocalist?—for of cours she is fair."

"A stranger, Fred," I answered carelessly glancing at his handsome face. "A Mis Griffin—Maggie Griffin, I believe they ca her."

His face was like that of an angel for moment; inexpressible dissatisfaction wa depicted upon every lineament; but it grad ually faded, and the old patient, sombr look resumed its place. Not another wor was spoken.

For the next two months Fred receive many tiny perfumed notes, and I notice that Ben (the footman) made trips to th post-office more frequently than formerly In the meantime I had met the young lad on several occasions, and we had becom very good friends; but I kept my own coun sel. I noticed that for several days Fred had looked exceedingly sad and careworn My first thought was not to remark upon it but when I saw the quiver of the poor fel low's lip, I could keep silent no longer.

"Well, dear, what is it?" I asked again

"Oh, aunt, I have been trying to hav another funeral, but the body refuses to b buried. I dug the grave, but the rest is be yond me."

"It seems to me, Fred, that if I were i your place, I should not be desirous of ta king on myself the duties of a professiona undertaker. Whether you can walk agai or not, you have probably a long life befor you; and my advice is, to allow all th plants which Providence in its goodnes sends to your garden—for some unknow reason, once laid so desolate—to blossom and bear fruit. Throw nothing away which is holy, and calculated to lessen your bur den."

"Aunt, what do you mean?" he exclaimed

Just then Ben stuck his head in the door

"Miss Griffin wishes to see Mrs. Andrews and Mr. Travers immediately."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Fred.

"Show her up, Ben," I ordered.

"But, aunt, not here. You don't—tha is—I never, you see——"

But the sudden entrance of the young lady put an end to all indecision.

"I am so glad to find you both together! she exclaimed, walking straight to the sid of Fred's chair. "This letter will explai why I am here. Allow me to read it."

"Please don't!" implored Fred, recognizing his own chirography.

"Very well, then," said she, folding th note. "But, Mrs. Andrews, your nephe and I have corresponded for two months. love him, and he loves me. This mornin I received this cruel note. He has irrevocably determined, he says, not to allow thi love to go on another day—that he will no doom me to the life such a love will entail Who ever heard of such cruel nonsense As if *he* had it in his power to put an en to my love, or his own either?" and her eye filled with tears.

"Oh, Maggie!" whispered Fred, lookin steadfastly out of the window; you don' know what you are talking about."

"Yes, I do, dear," she replied, sweetly If we were poor it would make a difference I suppose; and yet I scarcely think it could You are rich, and so am I. And, Fre Travers, you will walk again one of thes days. I believe Heaven itself has whispere that in my ear. If you don't love me, sa so, and I will go away and never troubl you again."

"Heaven bless you, darling! I love yo more than myself a thousand times over You shall stay." That's what Fred said.

What did I do? Looked on a moment a the little figure kneeling beside my nephew' chair, while he laid his hands gently on th curly head, thanking Heaven, I know, fo the blessings of his life, walked out to my ow room, and had a good cry, woman fashion.

Two years have passed since then, an Fred walks now as well as any one.

* * *

# EXPANDING THE LUNGS.

Step out into the purest air you can find stand perfectly erect, with head and shoulder back, and then fixing the lips as if you wer going to whistle, draw the air through th lips into the lungs. When the chest i about full, gradually raise the arms, keepin them extended with the palms of the hand down, as you suck in the air, so as to brin them over the head just as the lungs ar quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward and after forcing the arms backward and th chest open, reverse the process by whic you draw your breath, till the lungs ar empty. This process should be repeate immediately after bathing, and several time during the day. It is impossible to describ to one who has never tried it, the gloriou sense of vigor which follows this exercise It is the best expectorant in the world.

## THE LOST JEWEL.

During the Indian Mutiny, and after the destruction of some of the rich palaces and temples, the soldiers picked up many valuable articles, useless to themselves, and which they frequently threw away again, as troublesome to carry; or gladly sold to any one who would give them a few rupees in exchange. Among these acquisitions was a large, very roughly cut diamond, which had been one of the eyes of a gorgeously painted idol, enshrined in one of the temples that had been destroyed. A soldier picked it out of its socket, and as it was a rough, dull-looking stone, he thought very little of it, and was just going to throw it away, when an officer who stood by offered him two or three rupees for it. He also put but small store by his purchase of the lustreless stone; and it was only from its position as the eye of an idol that he judged it might possibly be of greater value than seemed likely from its outward appearance. Some time afterward he showed it to a native jeweler, who offered to buy it from him at a considerable increase on the price he had given for it; but he was going to England, and thought it wiser to take the stone with him, and have it properly cut by a first-class lapidary. This was done, and a very fine stone resulted; which the jeweler, at the most modest calculation, valued at five hundred pounds. The officer had it set in a ring, and wore it for several years quite safely, but one day chancing to be in London, he went into a shop to buy a pair of gloves, and looking at the ring on his little finger, he observed that the setting was empty, the diamond gone. He examined his glove, his pockets, the floor of the shop; no trace of the stone was to be seen, and so he gave it up as lost. However, he mentioned the matter at his club; and told the club-master to post up a notice offering ten pounds reward to any one who should find the diamond. A day or two afterwards the stone was brought to him. It had been found by one of the housemaids in a darkish passage that led to the billiard room. The reward was gladly paid, and the diamond taken to the jeweler's, to be once more firmly placed in the ring.

Again some years passed. The officer had been to India, and was on a furlough in England, and had gone to Scotland to shoot with friends who had taken a moor in the Highlands. One hot August day he had been out for several hours tramping over miles of close heather, grouse-shooting. He was still walking, when a cover of birds rose a little way off. He raised his gun to take aim, when his eye chanced to fall on his ring, and he saw that the setting was once more empty. Stopping to look at it, the birds got away; and he laid down the gun on the heather beside him, and carefully examined the place where he stood with a very feeble hope of finding the glittering stone. Nothing was to be seen of it; and when he recollected the many miles he had traversed that day, and the nature of the ground he had been on, he stooped for his gun, and the thought flashed into his mind: "I'll turn out the charge—the thing is just possible!" He did so; drew the wad, and then shook out the contents of the barrel, shot, powder, and—the diamond! It had slipped unnoticed into the muzzle when he was loading; and for the lucky chance that had caused him to remark its absence from the ring, it would have been fired away the next moment. Possibly it might have hit a bird, gone back in the game bag, and caused as much amazement to the cook, or to the individual who found it between his teeth, as did the diamond in the eastern fable to the fisherman and his family who discovered it in the entrails of the fish. Another visit to the jeweler, and the ring resumed its place on the finger of its owner, and three or four years passed away. The officer had again returned to India, and was with his regiment, which was encamped near a large station, portions of some other regiments being close to them. He was acting as adjutant to the general in command, and was writing at a small table placed close to the door of his tent. As his hand passed rapidly over the paper, the troublesome diamond once more dropped from its setting, and fell on the table beside him. Being in a hurry, he merely uttered an angry exclamation, pushed the stone close to the inkstand, and went on with his writing. Presently a messenger came to say that the General wished to see him immediately. He forgot all about the stone, threw on his uniform, buckled on his sword, and started at once for the quarters of the commanding officer. He was detained some little time; and when he returned to his own tent, he looked directly for the diamond, which he had meanwhile recollected; but it was gone! A thief had been there during his absence, had seen and appropriated the stone; and he never saw or heard of it again, though he offered a liberal reward for its restoration.

## TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.

Truly science has, as was said recently by one of its eminent votaries, "its romantic side." Its history presents not a few deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice; its results have not seldom been attained by suffering voluntarily inflicted, and have now and then cost the lives of willing victims. The young Berlin doctor who, when a deadly contagious distemper was ravaging the poorer households of that city, thought he had discovered a method for its cure, and, knowing that its test might be fatal, nevertheless boldly tried it upon himself, and who, as he lay dying from its effects, jotted down his observations of its action on his system until within nine minutes of his departure from earth, was a hero to whom Sir Philip Sidney would have doffed his hat. A deed scarcely less noble, as it involved serious self-sacrifice, has just been done at Manchester by a young English medical student. It appears that a weakly young man had a leg amputated at the hospital, which made him so feeble that he was not likely to recover. He was fast sinking when the hospital doctor declared that there was but one possible way of saving him. Into the patient's languid veins must be transfused a quantity of warm blood from a vigorous, living man. A young student, who heard this, at once stepped forward and offered his own blood for the purpose. A pint of the vital fluid was thereupon taken from him, and sent circulating through the arm and body of the moribund youth. Within two hours he revived, recognized people, and was pronounced on the way to recovery.

The young medical student to whose unselfish heroism this good result was due may possibly have worked even better than he knew. It was long a matter of discussion and doubt whether this operation of transfusion could really be performed so as to transfer the vital vigor of one person to another. It is not at all a new idea, indeed, for we read of its having been tried on a certain pope four centuries ago, three young men being compelled to sacrifice their lives in order that the decripit pontiff might thus renew his youth; but the experiment failed. The experiment has been tried many times, and in different countries; and for the past half century the practicability of transfusion has been generally admitted by the profession. The difficulty is, to successfully effect it; but it is well known that the blood of animals has been again and again transfused to the veins of human beings with the best physical results.

Of course the idea of transfusion gives rise to many amusing fancies. Can you make an old man young, a cross man amiable, a coward brave, a nervous man phlegmatic, by exchanging the vital fluid in his veins? Is there a modicum of sober truth in Edmund About's funny conceit about the "nose of a notary?" The blood of lambs is sometimes used in the operation of transfusion: do the doctors find the patients thereafter more lamb-like? How gratifying it would be if, by merely vivisecting the gentle denizen of the pasture, and transferring its blood to mortal veins, we could transform the uncomfortable tempers around us into perennial docility! We fear, however, that psychological results are not to be attained by this very material process. Very much will be gained, however, if we can restore ruddiness to pallid cheeks, and strength to a tottering body; if we can see the consumptive revive under the circulation of healthy blood yielded to him by the self-sacrifice of another, as the fainting vampire revived under the moon's rays; and if the effects of those horrible sudden hemorrhages which end in abrupt death from mere loss of blood can be obviated by a prompt transfusion. It may not be that the fountain of perpetual youth is to be found welling up from the heart of one's neighbor; but the gift of health from one mortal body to another has a certain poetry about it scarcely less pleasing to the fancy than the ancient fable, being significant of human self-sacrifice, a noble emotion in which the ancient fable was wanting.—*Appleton's Journal.*

## TIGHT LACING.

It is a trite but correct remark, that, as the human form has been moulded by nature, the best shape is undoubtedly that which she has given it. To endeavor to render it more elegant by artificial means is to change it; to make it much smaller below, and much larger above, is to destroy its beauty; to keep it cased up in a kind of domestic cuirass is not only to deform it, but to expose the internal parts to serious injury. Under such compression as is commonly practised by ladies, the development of the bones, which are still tender, does not take place conformably to the intention of nature, because nutrition is necessarily stopped, and they consequently become twisted and deformed. Those who wear these appliances of tight lacing often complain that they cannot sit upright without them—are sometimes, indeed, compelled to wear them during all the twenty-four hours—a fact which proves to what an extent such articles weaken the muscles of the trunk. The injury does not fall merely on the internal structure of the body, but also on its beauty, and on the temper and feelings with which that beauty is associated. Beauty is in reality but another name for expression of countenance, which is the index of sound health, intelligence, good feelings, and peace of mind. All are aware that uneasy feelings, existing habitually in the breast, speedily exhibit their signature on the countenance; and that bitter thoughts or a bad temper spoil the human expression of its comeliness and grace.

## HOW TO BEGIN THE DAY.

Rise with the lark, but not for one. Be very careful to attire yourself neatly; ourselves, like our salads, are always the better for a good dressing. Shave unmistakably before you descend from your room; chins, like oysters, should have their beards taken off before being permitted to go down. Start with a determination to be agreeable and good-tempered, and that like an overflowing fire, nothing shall put you out. Should the tea be hot, take it cooly; should the ham be salt, emulate the philosophic Bacon, and having made a few pleasant observations about the milk of human kindness, the sugar of domestic felicity, the cup of happiness being full, and the butter resembling an actor in a fresh part, because it appears in a new roll, conclude with the appropriate ballad of "Let the toast pass," cracking fresh eggs and stale jokes simultaneously.

A NOVEL NEWSPAPER.—London has a large weekly newspaper called the *Obituary*, devoted, as its title shows, to obituary and mortuary proceedings. Undertakers who get up funerals in every variety; cremationists, embalmers, vault makers and grave diggers all have their say in its columns, while the makers of humble tombstones and the sculptors of gorgeous monuments are ready to decorate the last home of man. Crape makers, manufacturers of all sorts of funeral appliances, and especially mourning mantua makers, claim the attention of the afflicted in their special advertisment. Wills of distinguished individuals are given, and lost wills advertised; the cards of attorneys drilled in probate matters, and advertisements for absent heirs, make up a portion of its patronage. The reading matter is all suited to the subject, while the obituary notices form a staple item, and, if necessary, choice notices are written by distinguished writers for the afflicted friends and relations of deceased persons.

## SCIENTIFIC.

THE lowest temperature in the Arctic seas recorded by Captain Ross in 1850 was 50 degrees below zero; by Dr. Kane in 1853, 70 degrees; by Dr. Hayes in 1861, 68½ degrees; by Captain Nares in 1876, 72 degrees. A Russian traveller named Niveroff once registered 72 degrees at Yakoutsk, Siberia.

IT is said that, according to calculations recently made, the English coal-mines are good yet for eight centuries to come. M. Grunes calculated that the maximum production of the collieries for all time is 250,000,000 tons. It has now reached 130,000,000, and he assumes that there is enough to last the above length of time, which may remove a great weight from the minds of some people, who were wondering where their coal was coming from for next winter.

SIR JOSEPH WHITWORTH states that in 1850 he for the first time proved that a ship could be penetrated below the water line by a flat-headed rifled projectile; in 1860, he penetrated for the first time a four and one-half inch armor plate with an eighty-pound flat-headed solid steel projectile; in 1862, he penetrated for the first time a four-inch armor plate with a seventy-pound flat-headed steel shell, which exploded in an oak box supporting the plate; in 1870, he penetrated, with a nine-inch bore gun, three five-inch armor plates, interlaminated with two five-inch layers of iron concrete; in 1873, with his new nine-pounder breech-loading gun and a flat-headed steel projectile, he penetrated a three-inch armor plate at an angle of forty-five degrees. All these performances, with one exception, were made with flat-headed projectiles.

A VALUABLE method of recovering indigo, cochineal, madder, and other coloring substances from wool or woollen fabrics is described in the *Mons. Indus. Belge.* The articles to be treated for this purpose are put into a digester, capable of resisting a very high pressure, till the whole is entirely dissolved—it requiring about six hours for 2,205 pounds,—and when the solution is complete, water is added and boiled for a few moments, to render the mass more fluid. It is then strained through a coarse filter to separate the foreign substances, and through a second filter, to separate the indigo, cochineal, madder, and other coloring matters. The colors thus obtained are washed with water and again filtered and dried. The solution that has thus passed through the filters is used either in the manufacture of prussiate of potash or sulphate of ammonine, etc.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

M. W. N.—If a person speaks through the nose naturally, we do not think the fault can be remedied.

LOVER.—The prudent, direct and honorable course is always to apply to the parents for permission to pay love addresses to their daughter.

A. Z. P. M.—The theory of "perpetual motion" is an impossibility. There can be no such thing as a machine that will go forever, because it must sooner or later wear itself out by friction.

W. Y.—There are no particular instructions that can be given in respect to mixing water-colors; you should take lessons of a drawing-master. Involuntary blushing arises from nervousness.

C. Y.—We do not undertake to give opinions on pieces of poetry that are sent us. An editor could not possibly undertake a more invidious task. It is a very different thing from giving an opinion on handwriting.

A LOVER OF THE POST.—There is no receipt of the kind. Use elder-flower water for the complexion; you may procure it at any respectable chemist's. We do not undertake to give opinions on the color of locks of hair that may be sent us.

F. C. S.—As an ordinary rule persons inclined to be stout are stronger than those who are thin. But this is not always the case. As to your second question, you are evidently suffering from nervousness, and should consult a medical practitioner.

ANNIE P.—An apprentice cannot absent himself from the service of his master without the consent of the said master, and for so doing he may be summoned before a magistrate, and should he refuse to return to his master he is liable to be sent to prison.

THOMAS L.—Having been introduced to the young lady on whose account you are suffering so keenly, you should speak to her whenever you have an opportunity, and take occasion to learn your fate. You certainly seem to be in a desperately bad way now.

N. A.—The smallest bird of America is the humming-bird, and of Europe the gold-crested wren. The smallest quadruped in the world is the pigmy mouse of Siberia. The most diminutive plant is the arctic raspberry, which is so small that a six-ounce vial will hold the whole, branches, leaves and all.

A. W. L.—Your definitions of the comparative and superlative degrees are quite correct. If there be be two tarts to compare, you would say that one was sweeter than the other: otherwise, "This is the sweeter of the two." If there be three or more, then you would say, "This is the sweetest."

WALTER W.—If your father's reproofs *were* unjust and severe, they furnished no reason for your impertinence and disobedience. It is permissible for a father to make a mistake in the exercise of his paternal duties; but a son's errors in perpetrating an act of disobedience only aggravate the fundamental offence.

ELSIE G. (Shoreham, Vt.)—We should place less dependence on the color of the hair and eyes of an admirer in deciding as to receiving his attentions, than on the knowledge of his character as shown by his habits. It is running too great a risk to allow special attention from any gentleman however attractive without such acquaintance.

WILSON ETTER, (Akron, O.)—Publishers of Music will accept any piece of fair merit, provided the author will agree to purchase a sufficient number of copies, and will then allow him copyright on the remaining numbers which may be sold. You can correspond with White, Smith & Co., Boston, or S. T. Gordon & Son, New York, who are reliable publishers.

GEO. WILSON, (Windham, Ct.)—The prediction of the weather by "Old Probabilities" at Washington, is rendered easy to an expert in meteorology by the reports which are duly transmitted from stations all over the country. The extent of a storm and the direction and velocity in which it is moving being known it is not difficult to calculate where it will be in a given number of hours.

ALICK.—As jealousy is called the "*green-eyed monster*," it may be that that was the origin of assigning the color green to the passion jealousy. But as the origin of such things is almost always lost in obscurity, people must be liberal in their belief with regard to such matters, and not bring a remorseless spirit of critical investigation to bear upon them, to the great discomfort of warm-hearted young ladies.

CONTRITE.—It is fortunate that you awoke in time to the dangers of the path which you were so heedlessly pursuing, and it is not to be regarded that you now find yourself in the valley of humiliation. You should remember, however, that two roads lead even from that gloomy vale, one of them running straight up the heavenward side, and the other leading downward by devious courses to the pit of destruction.

ALBERT MASS, (Princess Anne, Md.—A gentleman calling at a house where there are several young ladies, should inquire at the door for the one or more he wishes to see, and send in his card. If he has no cards let him give his name. Cards are not indispensable in the country or in town, but they are fashionable, convenient, and may prevent many mistakes. Your handwriting is fair, but improvement is needed in the capitals and the long letters.

W. R. M., (Aurelia, Iowa.)—The titles of stories should be printed in capitals; the writers indicate which words are to be capitals by drawing lines under them, two lines for small and three lines for large capitals. Writers should punctuate their own copy, as they know best what they intend to express, and a point differently placed may change the whole meaning of a sentence. Your handwriting is fair, and with careful practice can be made very good.

THOMAS, (Bainbridge, Co., O.)—The services of a teacher are not indispensable in acquiring a good knowledge of mathematics or almost any branch of science. Books are plentiful and steady persevering application will enable you to overcome difficulties which at first seem insurmountable. The writer when a youth of fifteen mastered the contents of Day's Algebra, then the standard work, in a few weeks without help from any source, and his mathematical capacities were never considered more than ordinary. It was done by steady, determined application.

ADELAIDE K.—Had the young gentleman really loved you, he would not have gone off without first making some effort to see you and bring about some reconciliation. As for your writing to him "and *humbly* begging his forgiveness, you should do no such thing. Your own self-respect should keep you from even thinking of such a degradation. It may be that a lady-like communication, written in a style due to your own dignity, but at the same time kind and conciliatory in tone, would not be amiss, taking all the circumstances into consideration.

WALLACE, (Memphis, Tenn.)—It is an act of courtesy which no gentleman need hesitate to perform to offer the shelter of an umbrella to an unprotected female in a storm even though she be a stranger, and especially if she be old and unattractive. She cannot, however, be expected to be at all communicative, and fulfills her part of etiquette in simply thanking her protector when parting from him. One who would presume to offer familiar conversation to a woman under such circumstances would not be a gentleman and would deserve a sharp rebuff and the immediate rejection of further attention.

LYDIA B.—A woman whose husband is a confirmed drunkard has of course a terrible lot, and it is natural that she should not only wish, but *seek* to mitigate it in some way or other. But how she should do this is a question for herself and her friends. She and they know the condition and relations of her family—what will affect its reputation and happiness—what can be done and what cannot be done under all the circumstances of the case. The afflicted wife should consult with her friends, and, aided by them, take such steps as may be determined to be proper and necessary for the welfare of herself and children, and the reformation of her husband.

A YOUNG WIFE.—Your husband's conduct in regard to your parents, brothers, and sisters, is exceedingly reprehensible. A man who will make a habit of speaking disrespectfully to his wife of her father, mother, brothers, and sisters must be lacking in some of the essential elements not only of true manhood, but even of common decency. It is a sad thing to see the happiness of a young couple, but a few months married, already in danger of being wrecked upon such a miserable trait in the character of the husband. The handsome treatment which your parents have extended to your husband since your marriage should have overcome any annoyance which he had felt on account of their hesitancy in assenting to your acceptance of his suit. And his present conduct shows that their hesitancy was undoubtedly founded on those unerring instincts of affectionate parental hearts which have been divinely appointed to watch over the welfare of offspring. What you are to do it is difficult to say, further than that you must call all your wisdom, affection, patience, firmness and forbearance to your aid, and seek the blessing of Heaven on them all.